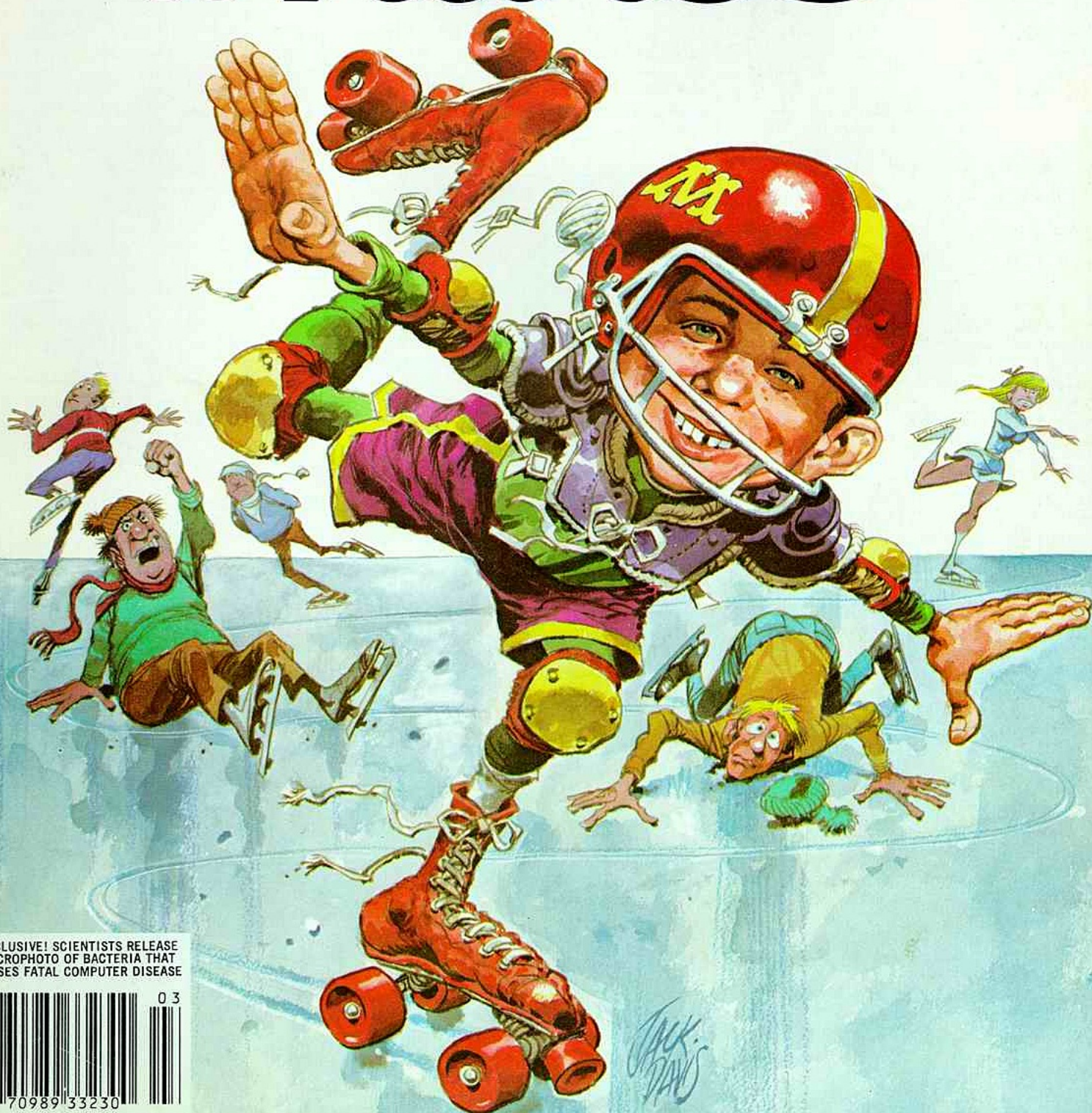


OUR VERSION OF "MOONRAKER" A SLAP AT "ROCKY II" SERGIO ARAGONES AL JAFFEE DON MARTIN
...AND THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS ARE ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF...

No.
213
March
'80

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—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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(Another
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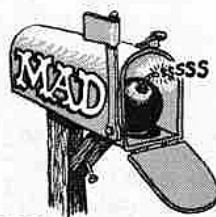
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WE'RE RUNNING OUT!

Yep, we're running out to lunch now! There's just enough time to let you know that full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—are still available! They'll always be available! No matter what little catchy "lead line" we come up with! Just mail in 35c for 1, 75c for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



THEY LAUGH WHEN THEY SIT DOWN TO PLAY

Your magazine is definitely the preferred reading material as my piano students wait until it's their turn for a lesson. More than one returns to the couch after the lesson, to finish reading it before calling their Moms to come pick them up. I feel good about having it there for them to read. It's probably the most thought-provoking and truly intelligent reading material that most of them get to see all month.

Mary Ann Stewart
Anchorage, Alaska

MAD OVERRATED-UNDERRATED BOOK

I thought "The MAD Overrated-Underrated Book" was underrated because it only went two pages! Kathy Sherman
Mason, Ohio

Fay Wray is overrated, Jessica Lange is underrated. Steve Martin is overrated, Rodney Dangerfield is underrated. Margot Kidder is overrated, Michelle J. Caprara is underrated!
Michelle J. Caprara
Detroit, Michigan

On reporting National and International problems and commenting on them, *Time Magazine* is overrated, *MAD Magazine* is underrated.

Casey Hermanson
Rapid City, S.D.

MAD is overrated, its readers are underrated!

David O'Brien
Oakland, N.J.

A MAD LOOK AT DOORS

"A MAD Look At Doors" was just "door-ling!" Jill Kramer
Woodstock, N.Y.

"A MAD Look At Doors" was an open and shut case. Brian Smith
Carney's Point, N.J.

THE MAD AD-MAN'S SAMPLER

Henry Clark's "The MAD Ad-Man's Sampler" is a letter-perfect article!

Chris Eglinski
Avon Lake, Ohio

YELLOW PAGES THROUGH HISTORY

Greatly ENjoyed TOM KOch's "THE PAleolithic TELEphone COMPANY's YELlow PAGES." HE IS TO BE COMMENDED FOR HIS USE OF EXCHANGE NAMES. OUR TELEphone SERVICE HAS BEEN VERY DULL SINCE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SUCH GREATS AS: PLaza, MURray HILL, LOCust, FILLmore, MUTual, PILgrim, TRINITY, AND OF COURSE THAT ALL TIME CLASSIC FROM PHILADELPHIA: PENNypacker! LOOKING FORWARD TO MORE YELLOW PAGES THROUGH HISTORY ARTICLES.

Angus McIntyre
Vancouver, B.C.

WHEN WOMEN TAKE OVER MOVIES

I enjoyed "When Women Take Over Movies Completely." It's about time someone realized that we're tired of seeing films like *Annie Hall*, *Coming Home*, *Turning Point*, and shows like *Angie*, *One Day At A Time*, and *Laverne & Shirley*. But I really get sick when they make Miss Piggy a star for simply being a female chauvinist pig!

Jim Miller
Sarnia, Ont.
Canada

MAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN FOR A MORE EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT

"MAD's Ingenious Plan For A More Efficient Government," along with dozens of related articles from past issues, proves that you guys are more qualified to run for public office than the clowns who are already there. Hint, hint.

Paul Absi
Fitchburg, Mass.

SIBLING MISERY IS . . .

I just finished reading "Sibling Misery Is..." and I'd like to add an instance. How about when you try out for the Little League team and your little brother makes it instead?!

Scott Chankin
Cherry Hill, N.J.

CHiMPs

Lou Silverstone seems to be the only MAD writer who actually watches the TV shows he satirizes. In his funny "CHiMPs" he really captures the flavor and the dialogue of the characters. Mort Drucker does the same with his characters, so how come you clods never team the two of them up?

John Rasch
Pittsfield, Mass.

I went "ape" over Torres's and Silverstone's "CHiMPs". MAD is what makes the world go 'round!

Vern Panei
Butler, Pa.

MARGINAL DOUBLE-VISION

Hey, what happened, guys? You repeated four "Marginals" in your December issue. I wouldn't mind, but Sergio Aragones's "Marginals" are the first things I look for every time. Don't don't make any any silly silly mistakes mistakes like like that that again again!

Craig Shelley
Reseda, Calif.

Sometimes I read MAD instead of watching TV. But today I got 4 re-runs in one issue! Please check out your "Drawn-Out Dramas" on Pages 6 & 18, 7 & 19, 12 & 33, 10 & 22. And I thought that reading was an alternative to TV!

Charles Field
Plantation, Fla.

You're disappointed?! Imagine how "MAD" Sergio Aragones is about the goof! We're making it up in this issue, however, with four additional marginals.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

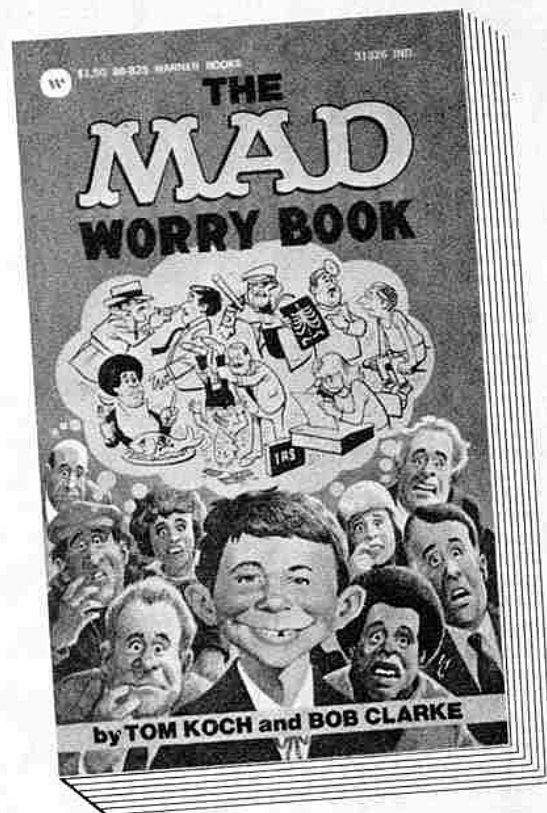


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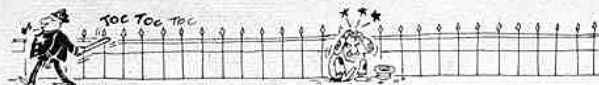
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AND THE BOND PLAYS ON AND ON DEPT.

When Ian Fleming created his "James Bond" character, he gave "007" a license to kill. And when Mr. Fleming signed the rights to his character over to the Producers of what would become a rash of "James Bond" movies, he also gave them a license to kill, mainly his character! Because any resemblance to the movies made using their titles is purely coincidental (and nauseating)! However, you cannot argue with success. Everyone of them including this latest "007" epic is a

007

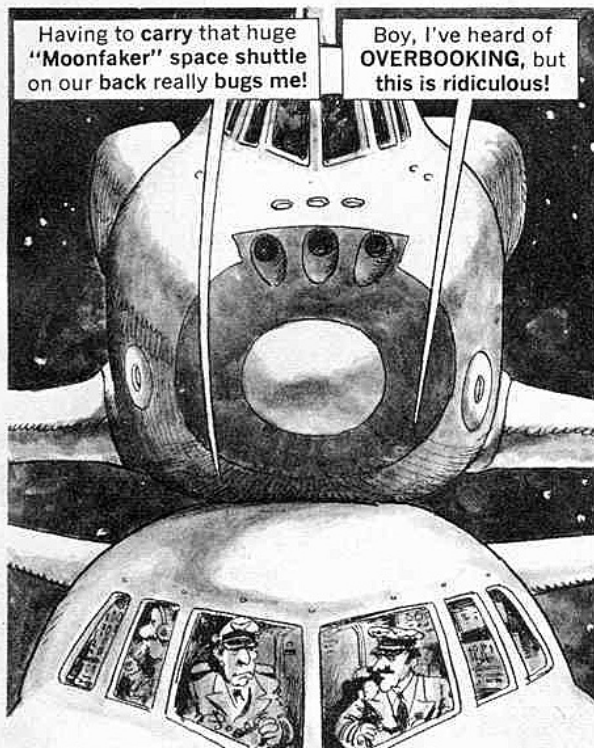




ONEYRAKER

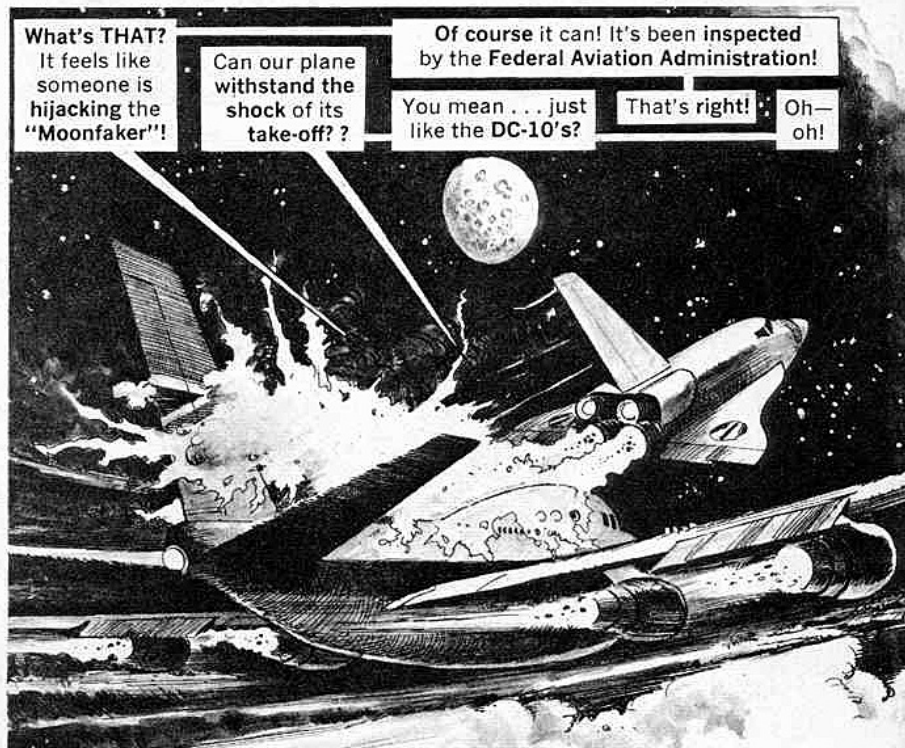
ARTIST:
HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: STAN HART



Having to carry that huge "Moonfaker" space shuttle on our back really bugs me!

Boy, I've heard of OVERBOOKING, but this is ridiculous!



What's THAT? It feels like someone is hijacking the "Moonfaker"!

Can our plane withstand the shock of its take-off?

Of course it can! It's been inspected by the Federal Aviation Administration!

You mean . . . just like the DC-10's?

That's right! Oh—oh!



Oh, well . . . no one is perfect!

Thanks! That's very comforting!



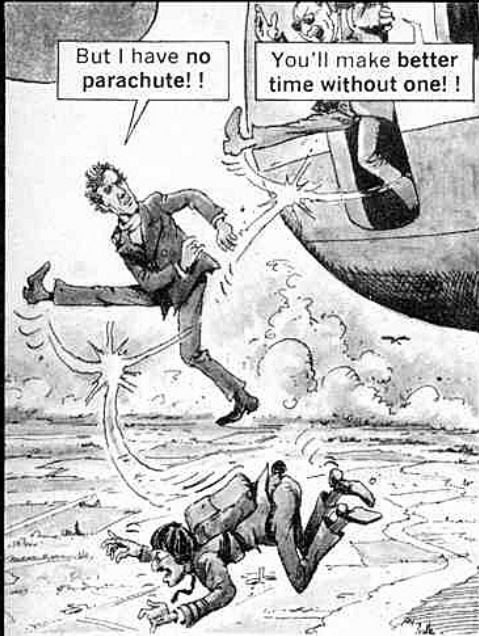
It's so confusing, making love to you in an airplane, James!

Oh? And why is that . . . ?

Because I never know if it's the air turbulence, or your remote, foolish, slightly girlish GRIN that turns my stomach!

Okay, Mr. Bomb. . . prepare to die! Step out that door!

Excellent, Gentlemen! A rather effective way to bring me back down to Earth!



But I have no parachute!!

You'll make better time without one!!



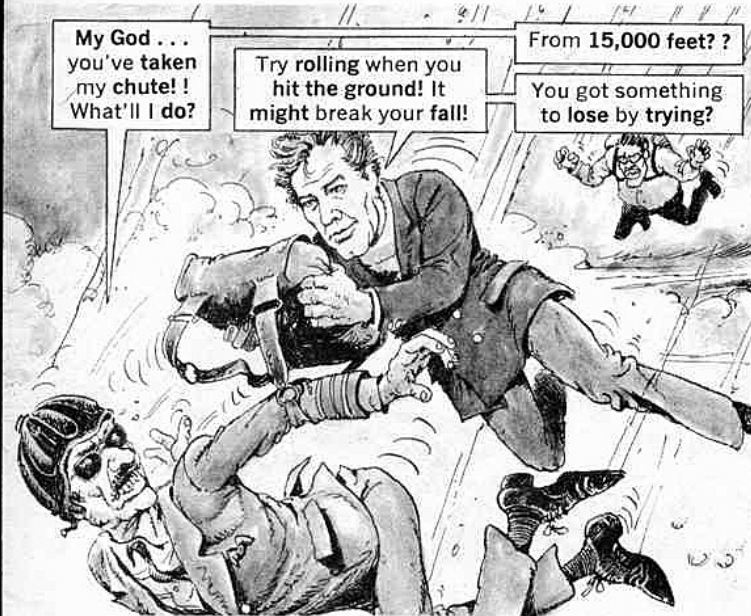
I better catch that guy ahead of me, or this is going to be the shortest, most expensive film ever made!!



Kill! Kill! Kill!

Why do you hate James Bomb so much?

He looks exactly like my Orthodontist!



My God... you've taken my chute!! What'll I do?

Try rolling when you hit the ground! It might break your fall!

From 15,000 feet??

You got something to lose by trying?



Well, well!! My old adversary, Gnaws! Chewed on any good tin foil lately??

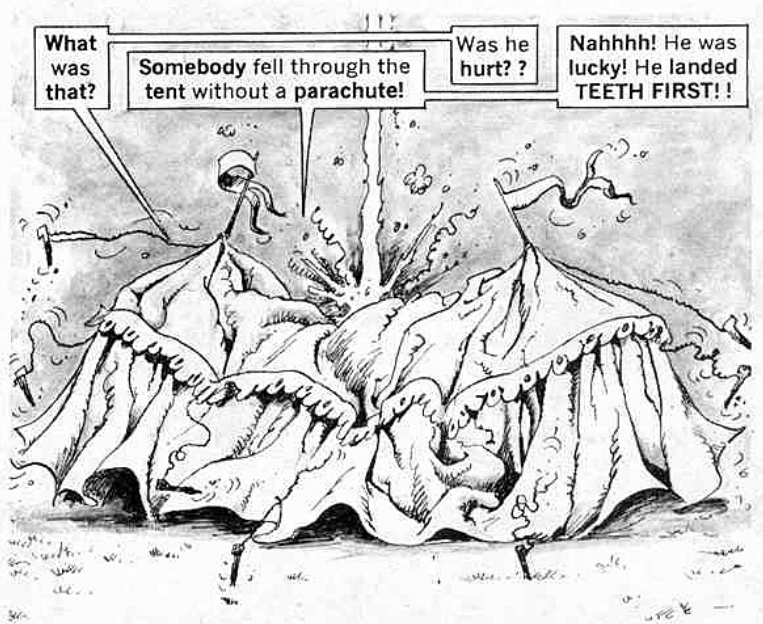
I've never seen that species of bird around here before! Aren't they strange...?

And their mating habits are even stranger! I hope they don't nest in the neighborhood!



So THIS is why they call it a "Rip Cord"!!

RIP-PPP!



What was that?

Somebody fell through the tent without a parachute!

Was he hurt??

Nahhhh! He was lucky! He landed TEETH FIRST!!





Ah, Mr. Bomb! Welcome to my humble home! I imagine you have come to apologize for losing my "Moonfaker"!!

Yes... I have! My Government is sorry! But... you surprise me, Mr. Dreks!

Oh...? Why...?

You have all of the most modern technology, and yet in some ways you are VERY OLD-FASHIONED!

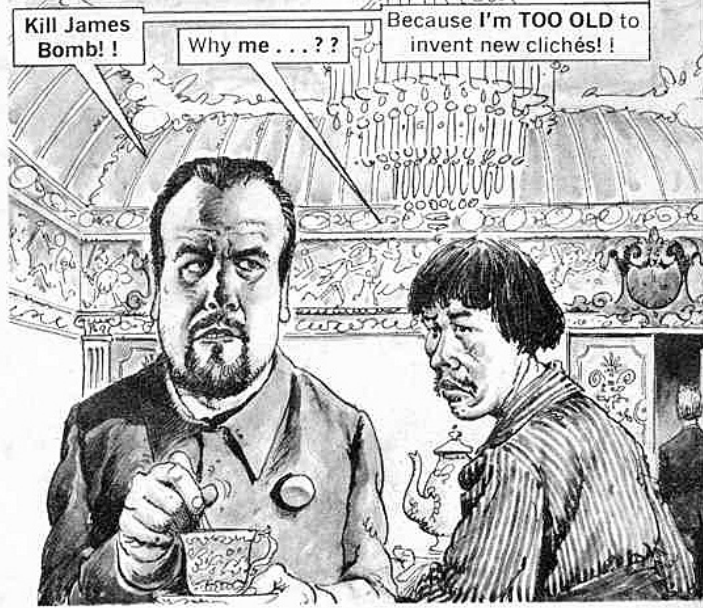
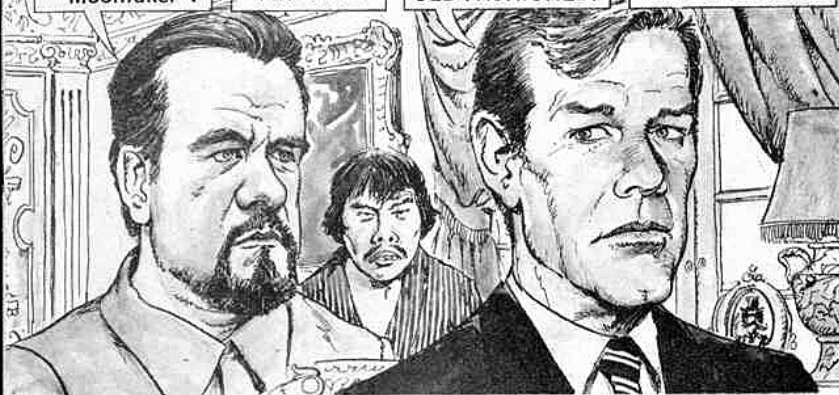
In what way...??

In this day and age, who would think of using that old, tired cliché of the sinister oriental!

Kill James Bomb! !

Why me...??

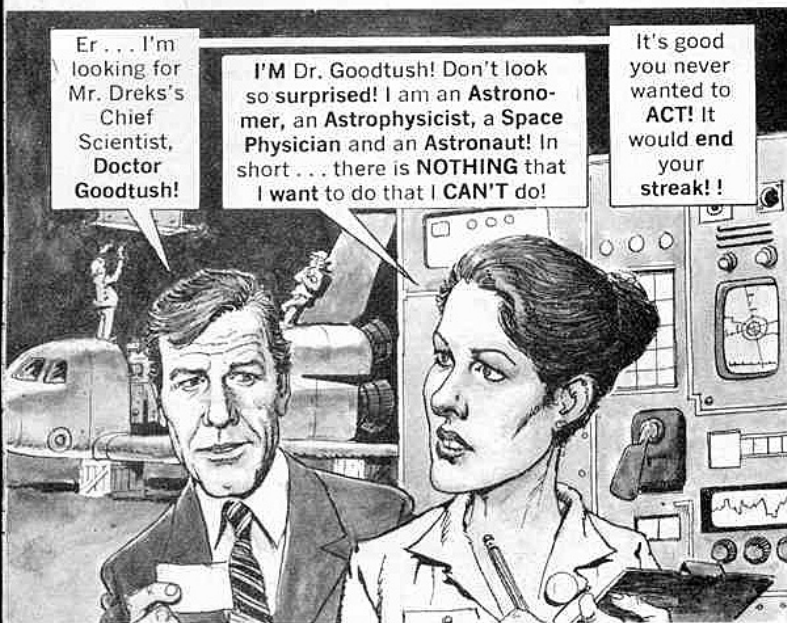
Because I'm TOO OLD to invent new clichés! !



Er... I'm looking for Mr. Dreks's Chief Scientist, Doctor Goodtush!

I'M Dr. Goodtush! Don't look so surprised! I am an Astronomer, an Astrophysicist, a Space Physician and an Astronaut! In short... there is NOTHING that I want to do that I CAN'T do!

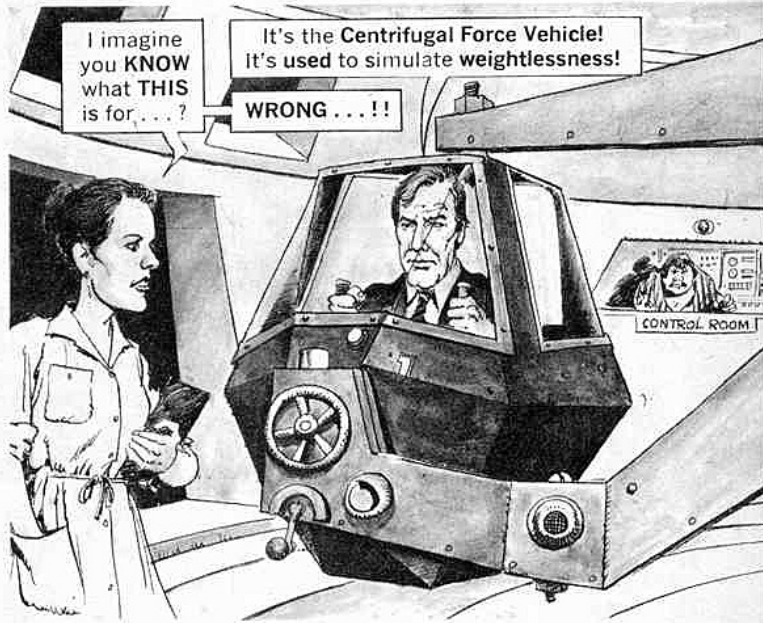
It's good you never wanted to ACT! It would end your streak! !



I imagine you KNOW what THIS is for...?

It's the Centrifugal Force Vehicle! It's used to simulate weightlessness!

WRONG...!!

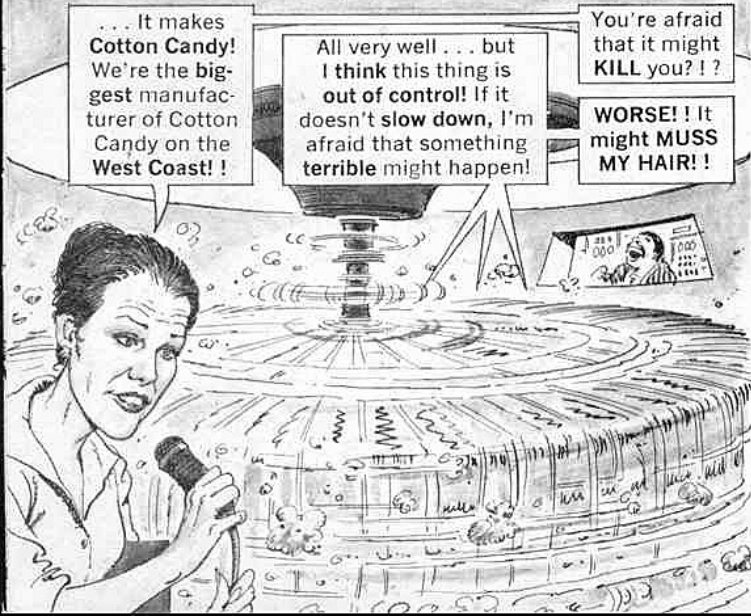


... It makes Cotton Candy! We're the biggest manufacturer of Cotton Candy on the West Coast! !

All very well... but I think this thing is out of control! If it doesn't slow down, I'm afraid that something terrible might happen!

You're afraid that it might KILL you? ! ?

WORSE!! It might MUSS MY HAIR! !



Say... YOU'RE not Dr. Goodtush! !

No, I'm a STAND-IN for Dr. Goodtush! She couldn't do this NEARLY as well as I!

Oh? What makes you say that?

Because... making love with you takes REAL ACTING ABILITY! !





So you gave Mr. Bomb the combination to my safe! You must pay for that! **SIC HER!!**

Why are you doing this?!? My dogs need their roughage!!

Stop, Doggies! Stop! I'm smoothage! I'm smoothage!



Why is 007 riding in that gondola all alone?

Because he wants to share the romantic experience with the one he loves the most! Mainly **HIMSELF!**



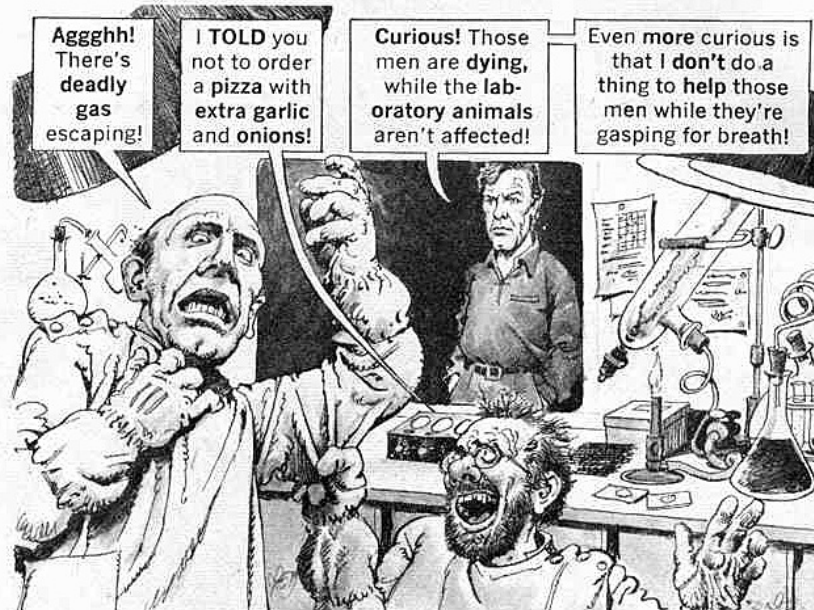
Say your prayers, Mr. Bomb! You're finished!

You're surrounded! There's **NO WAY OUT!!**

Guess again, crafty evil-doers!



If only **Teddy Kennedy** had something like this at Chappaquiddick, he'd be **President** by now!



Agggghh! There's deadly gas escaping!

I **TOLD** you not to order a pizza with extra garlic and onions!

Curious! Those men are dying, while the laboratory animals aren't affected!

Even more curious is that I **don't** do a thing to help those men while they're gasping for breath!



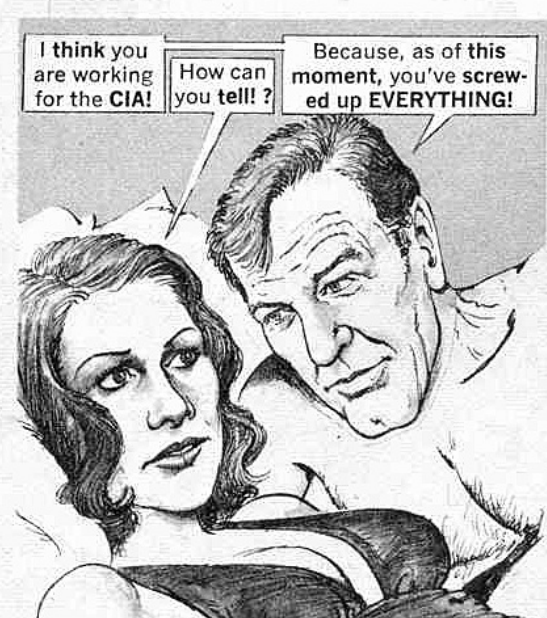
Expecting someone, Dr. Greattush? ?

The name is Dr. **GOODtush!**

Take it from me! I can see the light shining through your nightie! I asked if you were expecting someone, Doctor ... ?

No one! We scientists **ALL** dress in skimpy, revealing nightgowns!

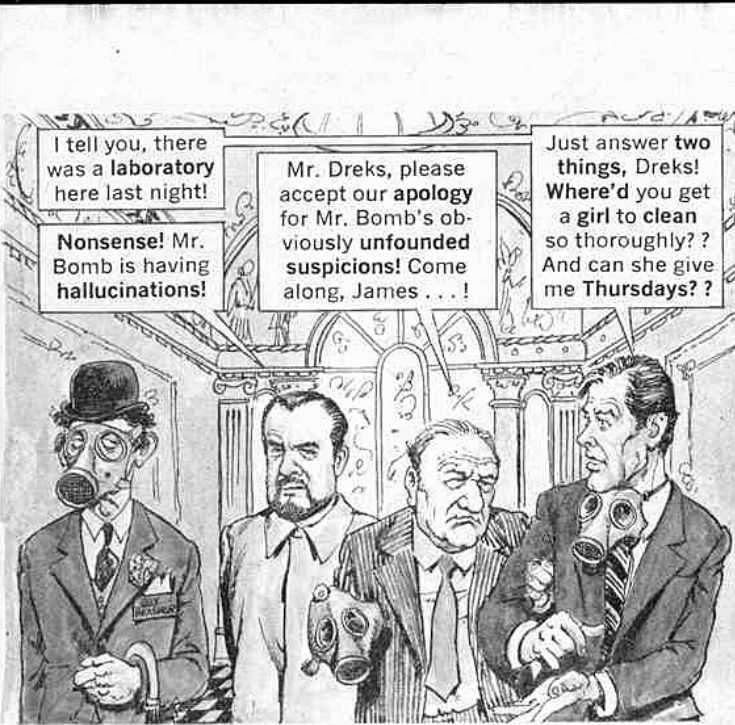
But not **ALL** scientists **LOOK** the way you do! ! F'rinstance, have you ever seen **Linus Pauling** in **HIS** nightgown? Not much to get worked up about there, I mean!!



I think you are working for the **CIA!**

How can you tell! ?

Because, as of this moment, you've screwed up **EVERYTHING!**

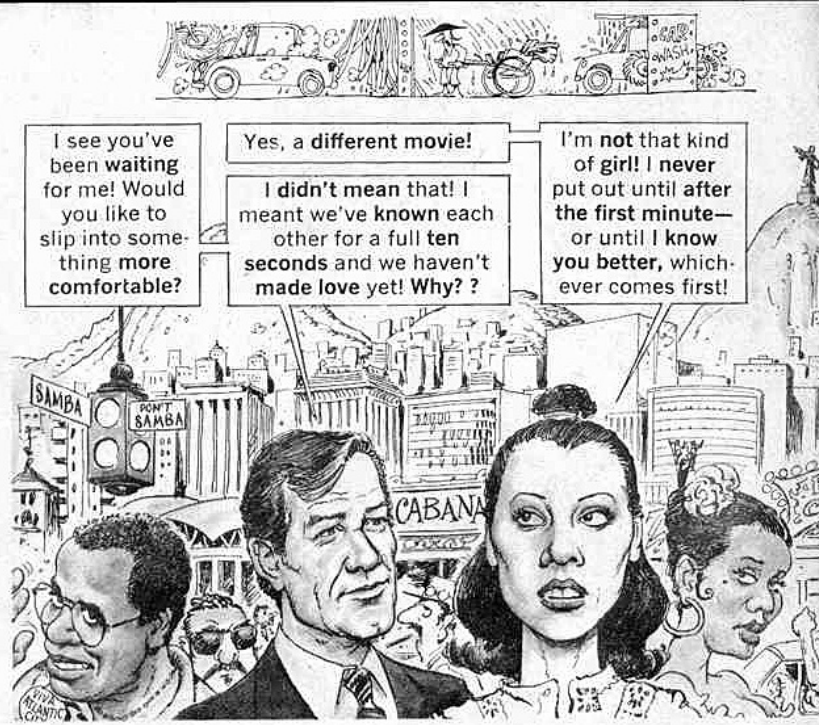


I tell you, there was a **laboratory** here last night!

Nonsense! Mr. Bomb is having **hallucinations!**

Mr. Dreks, please accept our apology for Mr. Bomb's obviously **unfounded suspicions!** Come along, James . . . !

Just answer two things, Dreks! **Where'd you get a girl to clean so thoroughly??** And can she give me **Thursdays??**

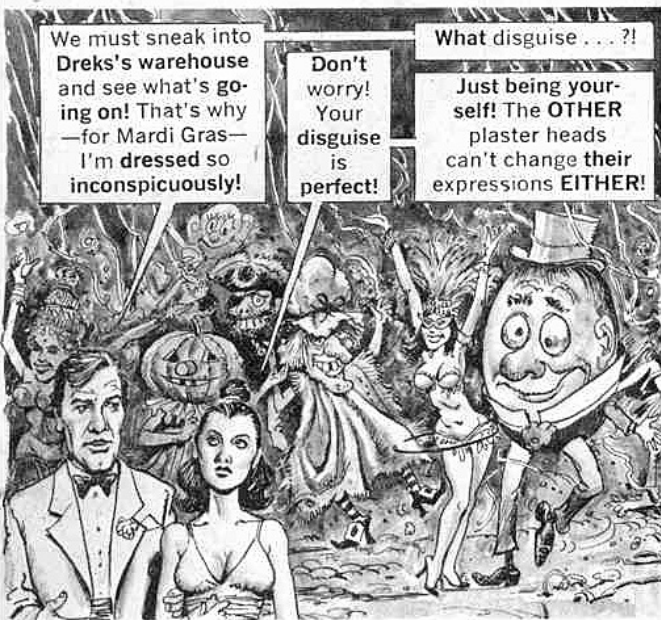


I see you've been waiting for me! Would you like to slip into some-thing more comfortable?

Yes, a different movie!

I didn't mean that! I meant we've known each other for a full ten seconds and we haven't made love yet! Why??

I'm not that kind of girl! I never put out until after the first minute—or until I know you better, which-ever comes first!



We must sneak into Dreks's warehouse and see what's going on! That's why—for Mardi Gras—I'm dressed so **inconspicuously!**

Don't worry! Your disguise is **perfect!**

What disguise . . . ?! Just being your-self! The **OTHER** plaster heads can't change their expressions **EITHER!**



Ah, my old friend, **Gnaws!** Let me tell you, old pal, that is **one terrible disguise . . . !**

What makes you say that?

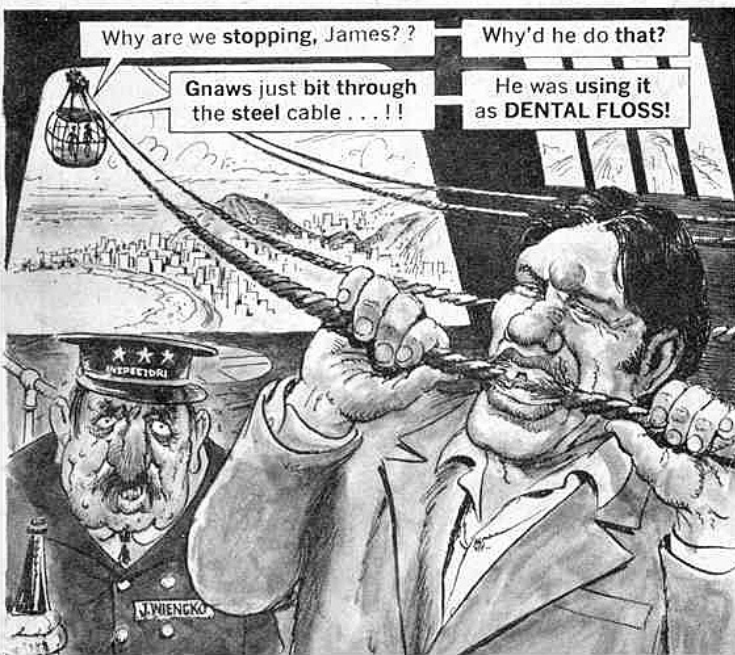


Believe me, ol' chap!

Stop pushing!

Carnival! Carnival!

Bye, Gnawsie! Don't bite on any metal nickels!!

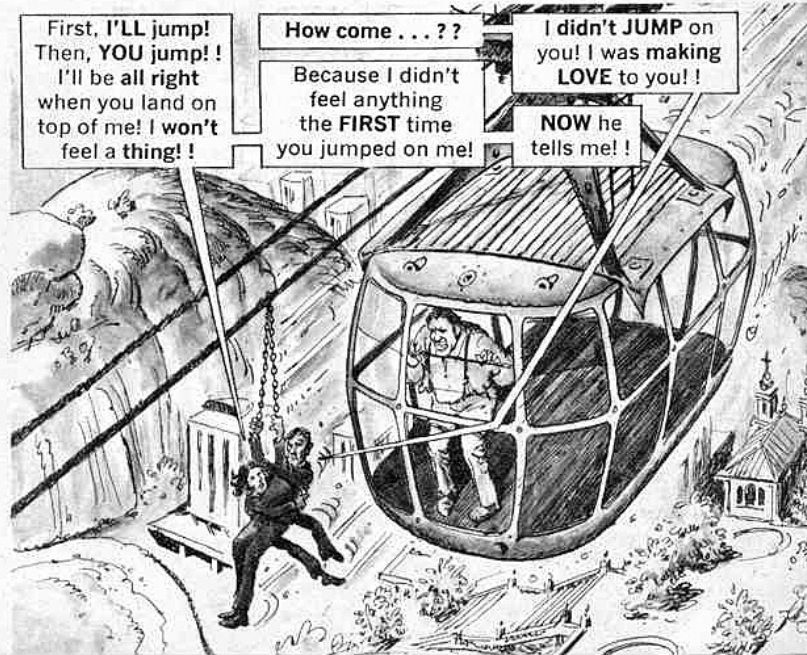


Why are we stopping, James??

Why'd he do that?

Gnaws just bit through the steel cable . . . !

He was using it as **DENTAL FLOSS!**



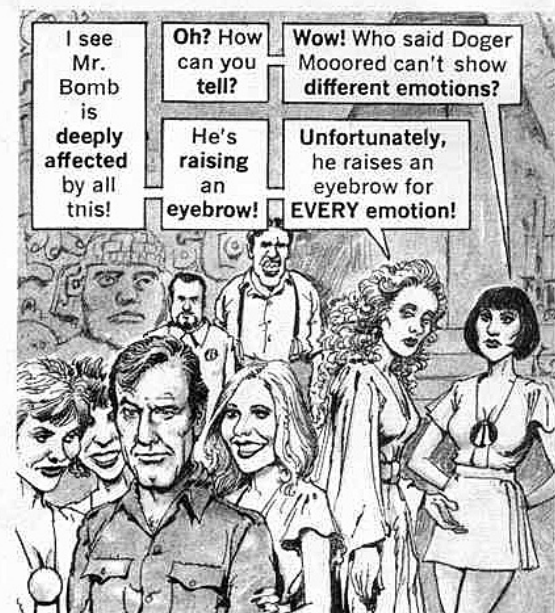
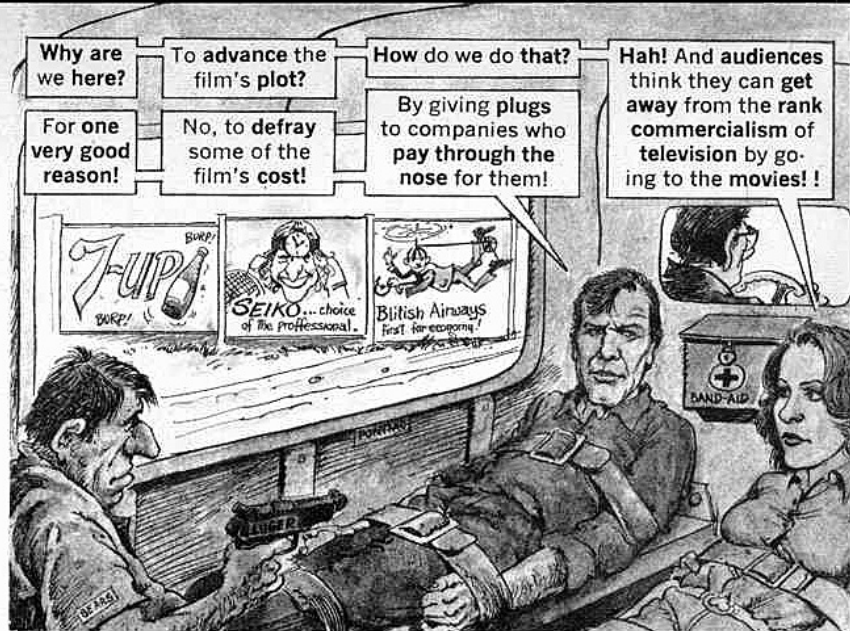
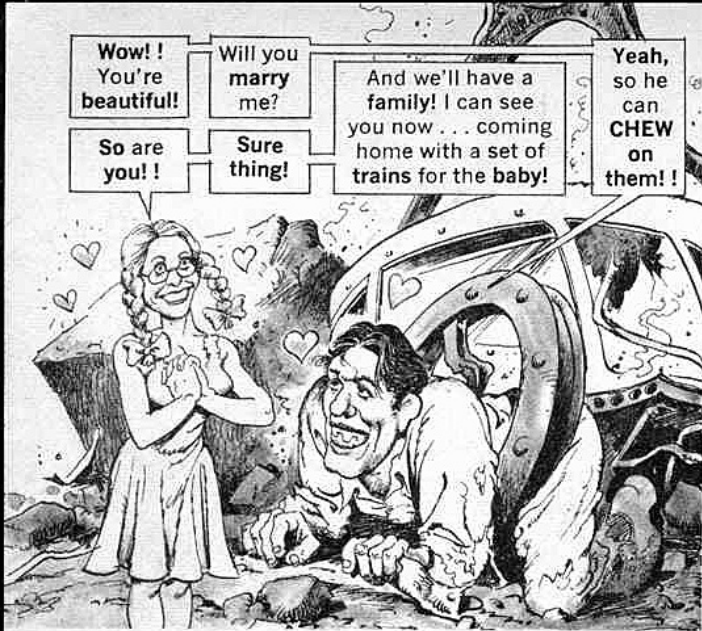
First, I'll jump! Then, **YOU** jump! I'll be all right when you land on top of me! I **won't** feel a thing!!

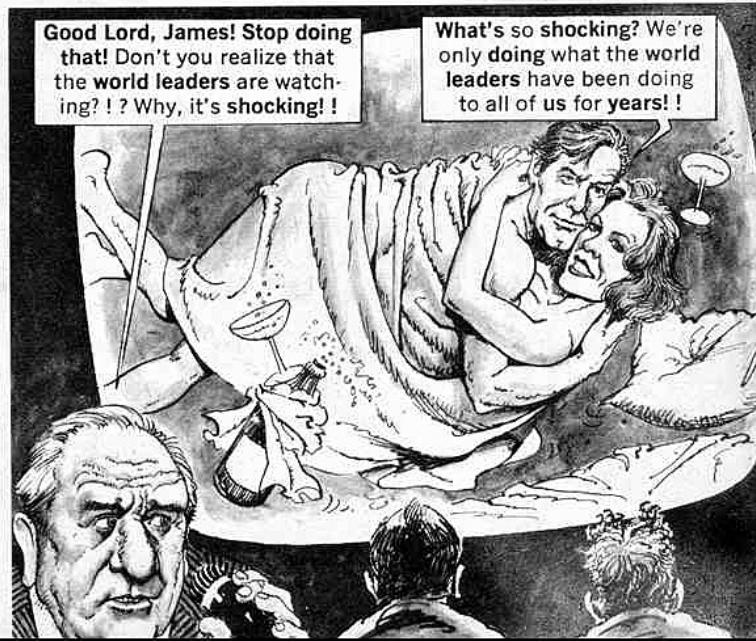
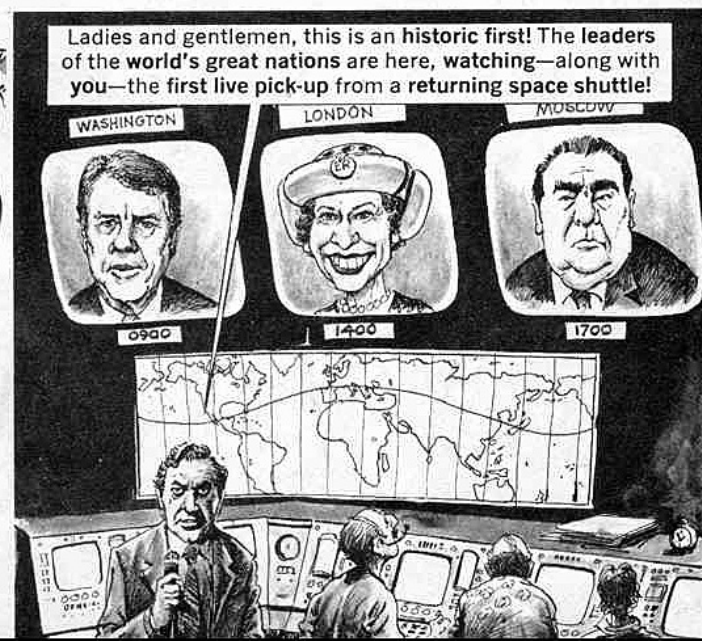
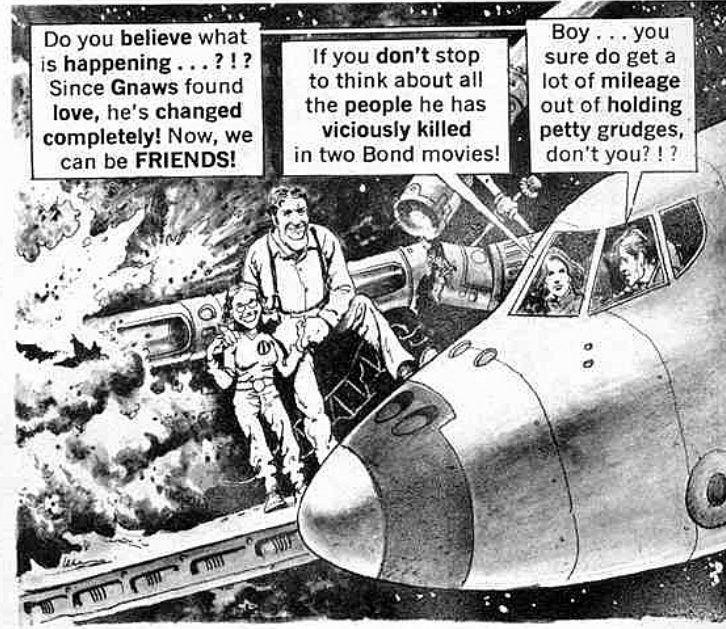
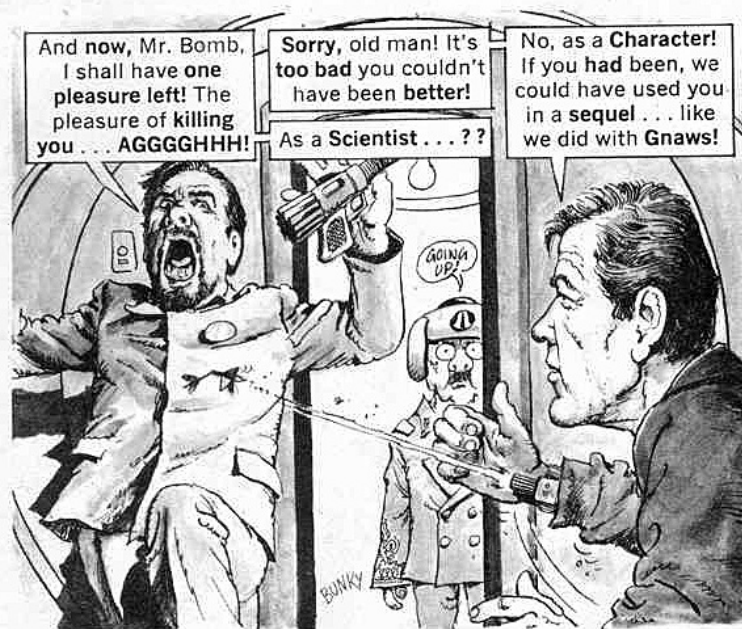
How come . . . ??

Because I didn't feel anything the **FIRST** time you jumped on me!

I didn't **JUMP** on you! I was making **LOVE** to you!!

NOW he tells me!!





WHY GO TO THE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE AND BOTHER OF INSTALLING ALARMS OR OTHER

SURE-FIRE BURGLAR DET



NOTICE

SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS HOUSE HAVE BEEN ENGRAVED WITH FEDERAL IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. OTHERS HAVE MERELY BEEN WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED! SO LOTS OF LUCK!

RESIDENCE OF MADAM OLGA

THE WITCH WHOSE BLACK POWERS
CAN KILL WITH A MERE THOUGHT

P.S. The guy across the street doesn't even have a burglar alarm!

THE HEAT IS OFF!!
THERE'S NO HOT WATER!
THE PHONE IS OUT!!
THE BASEMENT IS
FLOODED!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR
THE NEXT * & \$ TO
SET FOOT IN
THIS HOUSE!

Dear Mailman,

Dear Mailman,
We found bloodstains all over
our mail. They must be yours. Next
time you put the mail into our slot,
please be sure to keep all parts of
your body well clear of the opening.

The Lipskins

The Lipkins

P.S. Any sign of that book we sent
for: "The Care And Feeding Of Wild
Jungle Cats"?



FORMS OF SECURITY SYSTEMS TO DISCOURAGE THEFTS WHEN ALL YOU NEED ARE MAD'S

ERRRRENTS FOR THE WARY HOME OR APARTMENT DWELLER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

空手

**MEMBER
BLACK BELT
"HANDS-OF-DEATH"
KARATE CLUB**

*Lobel Butchers:
Starting tomorrow, please
leave Eight pounds of Meat
for Brutus. Six pounds only
makes him Angry and Vicious!
Mr. & Mrs. Angel*

WARNING!

THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY A

FINSTER

20,000 VOLT

**"FRY-AND-DIE"
BURGLAR TRAP**

DEAR MR. EXTERMINATOR:

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN
YOU GO INSIDE! THE
TERMITES HAVE EATEN
THROUGH MOST OF THE
FLOORBOARDS, AND
YOU WILL FALL INTO
THE BASEMENT WHERE
ALL THE RATS ARE!

THE GLUMBACHERS-

WE GAVE

TO THE

GODFATHER'S

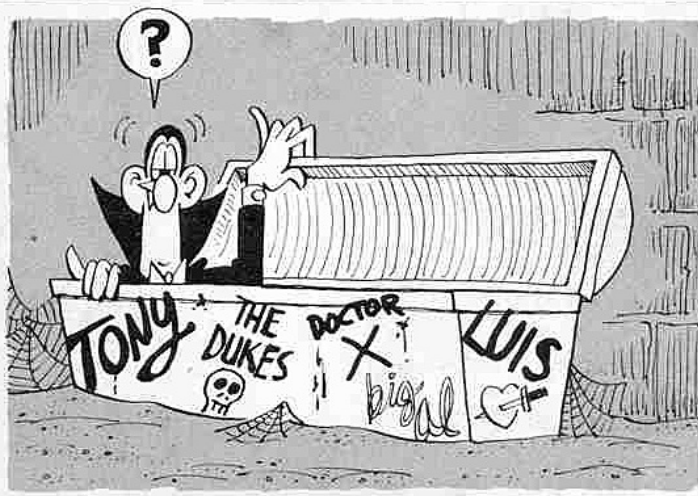
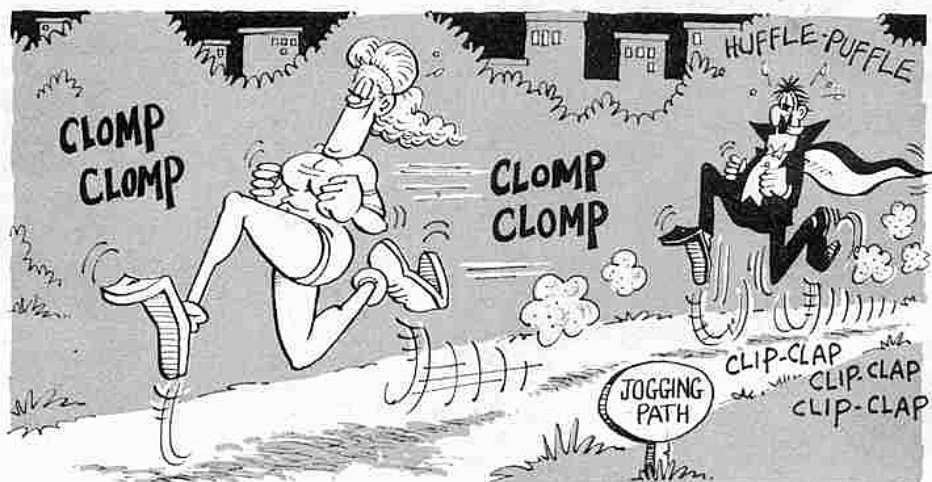
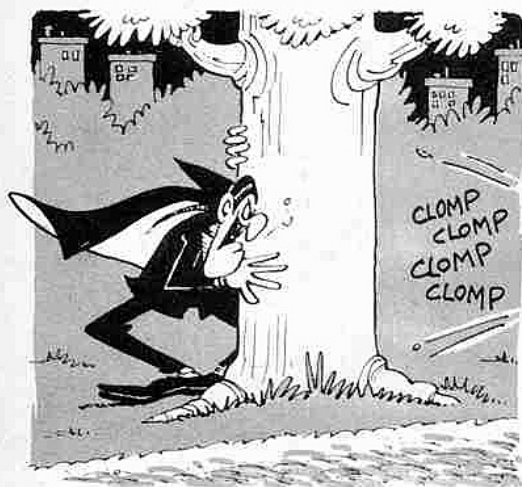
**"REVENGE
IS
SWEET"**

SOCIETY

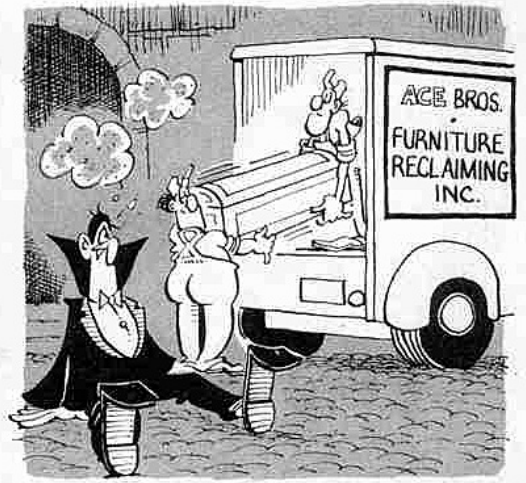
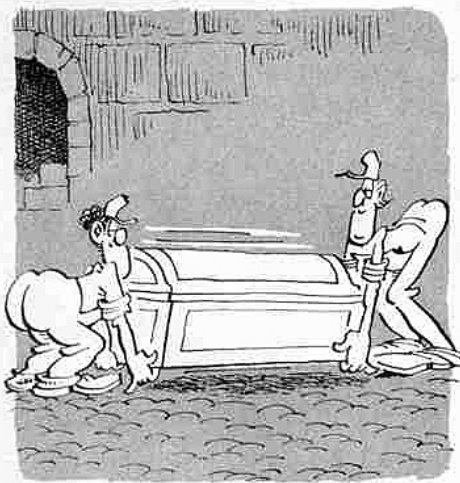
*Selma—
Don't come in! The
Boa Constrictor got
loose again —
Stan*

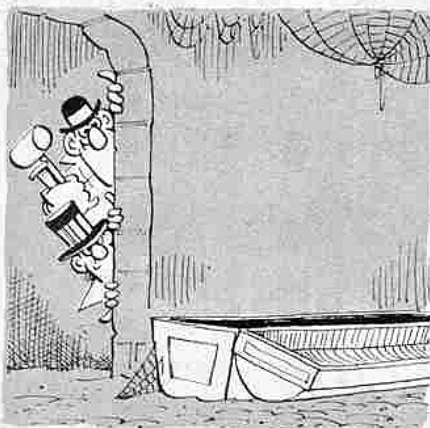
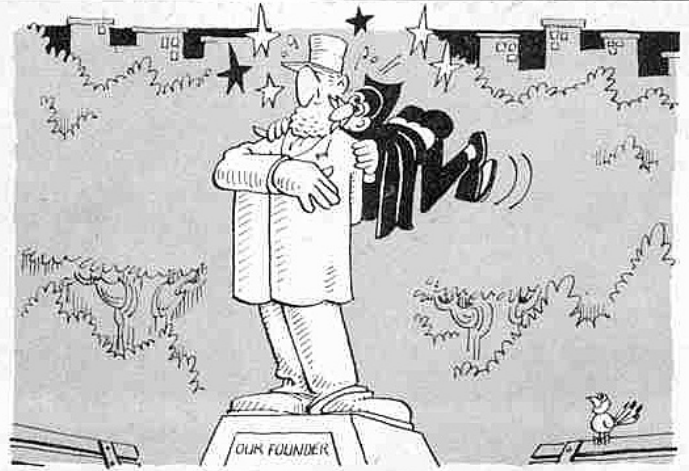
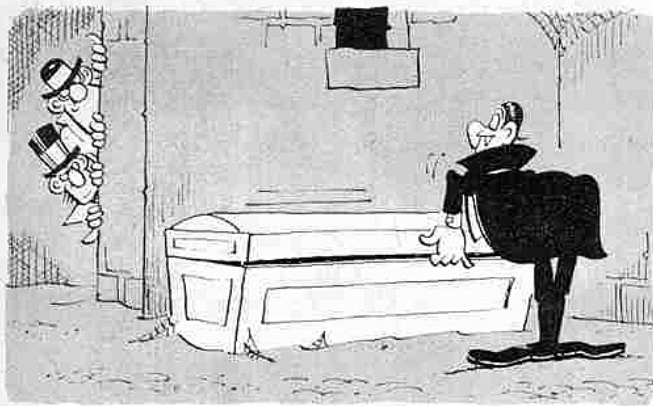
A COUNT RECEIVABLE DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...



RACULA





GODSELL DEPT.

If you've ever watched TV on a Sunday morning, you know what you get . . . NOT "Tom and Jerry" or "The Flintstones!" No, you get religious programs! And not only the regular religious programs, but also the "hucksters of religion," who are the **hardest-sell** people around! Hi, I'm Mike Malice, and today we're going to explore this interesting aspect of the "Religious Revival" in the United States as we interview

MAD'S "RELIGION" PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

Our subject is the prominent Clergyman and Evangelist, the Reverend Osgood Venal! Hello, Reverend Venal!

God bless you, Mike, and God bless your wonderful readers!

I'd like to ask some questions—

And God bless your questions! Welcome to "The Temple Of My Fervent Hope"!

And just what IS your fervent hope?

That no one finds out I took kickbacks from contractors and building trade unions!

I love this tabernacle! The marble cost a cool mil! The stained glass went for 800 thou! You can just feel this is a House of God, right?

I'm not sure! Didn't God tell us to forsake all worldly wealth???

He DID!!? Then He must have said it before He created money!!

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: STAN HART

Tell us . . . where did you get your Degree in Divinity, Reverend Venal . . . ?

At Western North Dakota Seminary!

I'm not sure I know where that campus is!

What campus?? It's a P.O. box! You send 'em fifty bucks and you get your diploma by return mail!

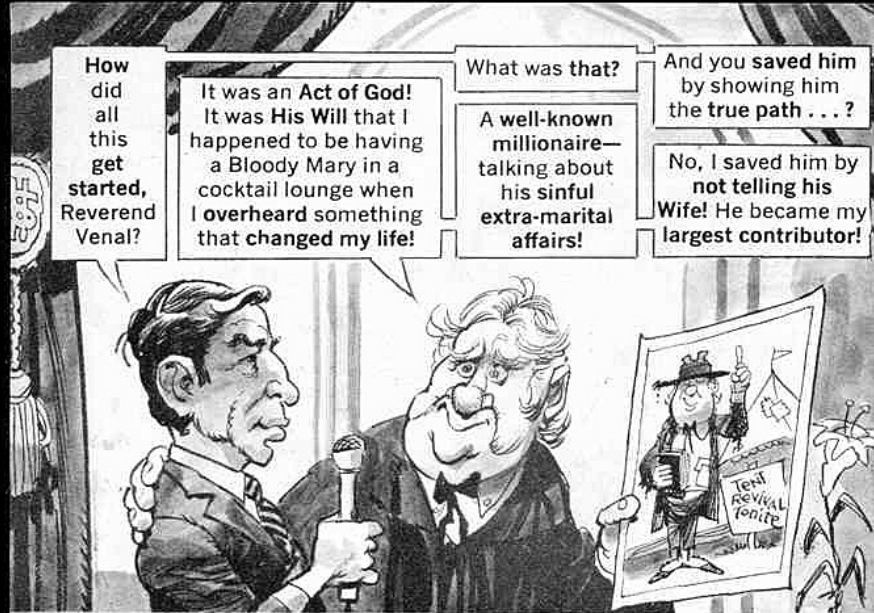
So you never really worked for your Degree!

Are you kidding? I worked plenty hard selling Used Cars so I could save up the fifty bucks!

And then you stopped selling Used Cars and went into your new career?

It's the same old career! Only the product is different!

5¢ EXACT CHANGE



How did all this get started, Reverend Venal?

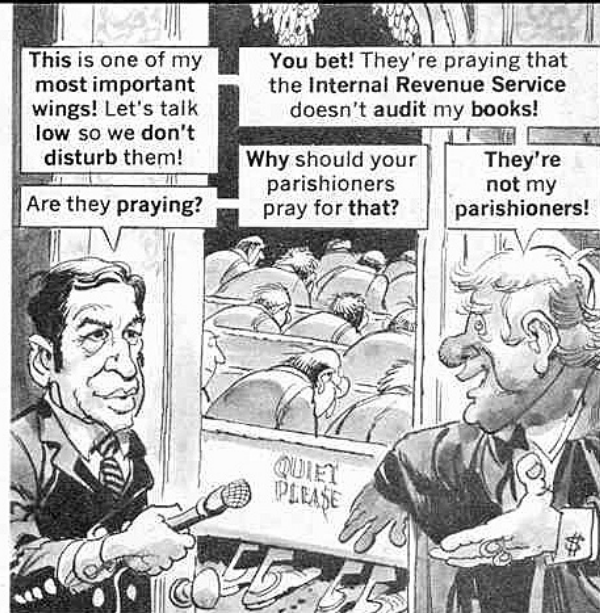
It was an Act of God! It was His Will that I happened to be having a Bloody Mary in a cocktail lounge when I overheard something that changed my life!

What was that?

A well-known millionaire—talking about his sinful extra-marital affairs!

And you saved him by showing him the true path . . . ?

No, I saved him by not telling his Wife! He became my largest contributor!



This is one of my most important wings! Let's talk low so we don't disturb them!

Are they praying?

You bet! They're praying that the Internal Revenue Service doesn't audit my books!

Why should your parishioners pray for that?

They're not my parishioners!



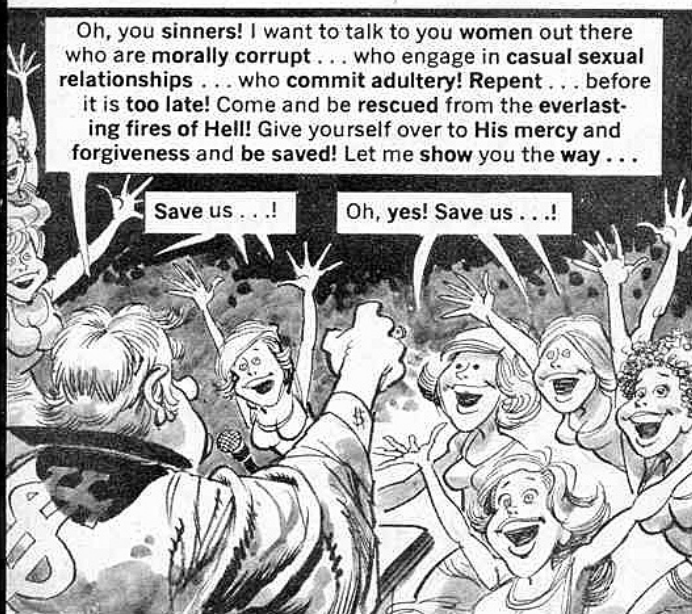
They're my ACCOUNTANTS! These people are very important! Dopey parishioners are a dime a dozen!



I'm getting ready to conduct my "Repentant Sinners Weekly Matinee Service"! Don't you just love my robes? I have them tailor-made for me by Gucci!

They're so—so flashy! I mean, God doesn't care about expensive raiments like that, does He?

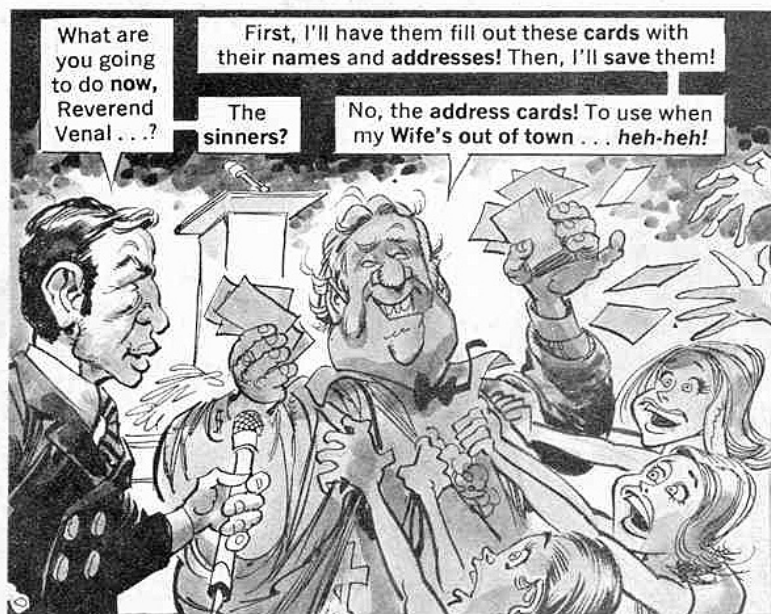
Why should He?! He's an old guy that nobody ever sees! He doesn't have to worry about being a snappy dresser! But I've got my public to consider!



Oh, you sinners! I want to talk to you women out there who are morally corrupt . . . who engage in casual sexual relationships . . . who commit adultery! Repent . . . before it is too late! Come and be rescued from the everlasting fires of Hell! Give yourself over to His mercy and forgiveness and be saved! Let me show you the way . . .

Save us . . . !

Oh, yes! Save us . . . !



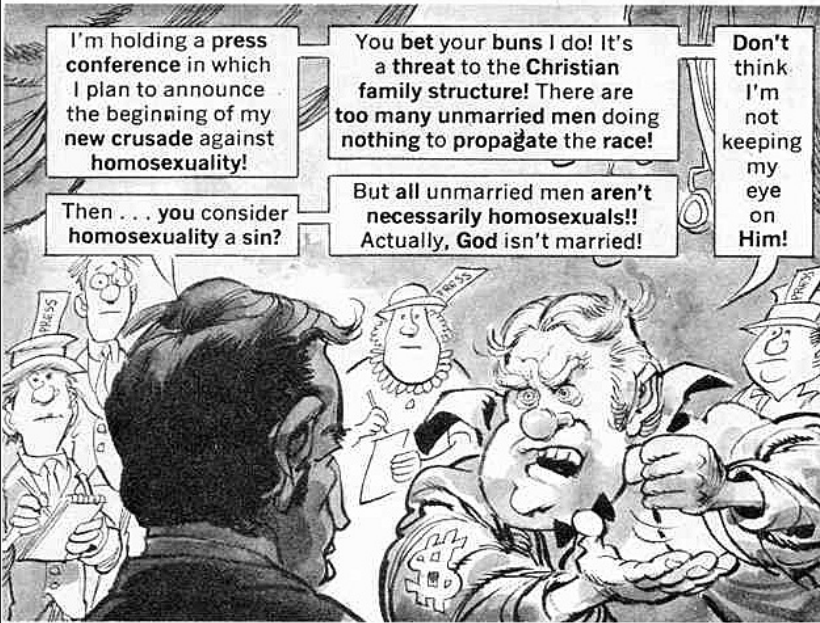
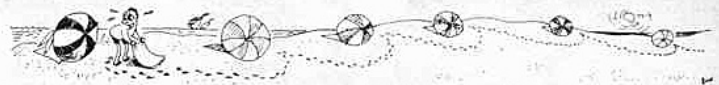
What are you going to do now, Reverend Venal . . . ?

First, I'll have them fill out these cards with their names and addresses! Then, I'll save them!

The sinners?

No, the address cards! To use when my Wife's out of town . . . heh-heh!





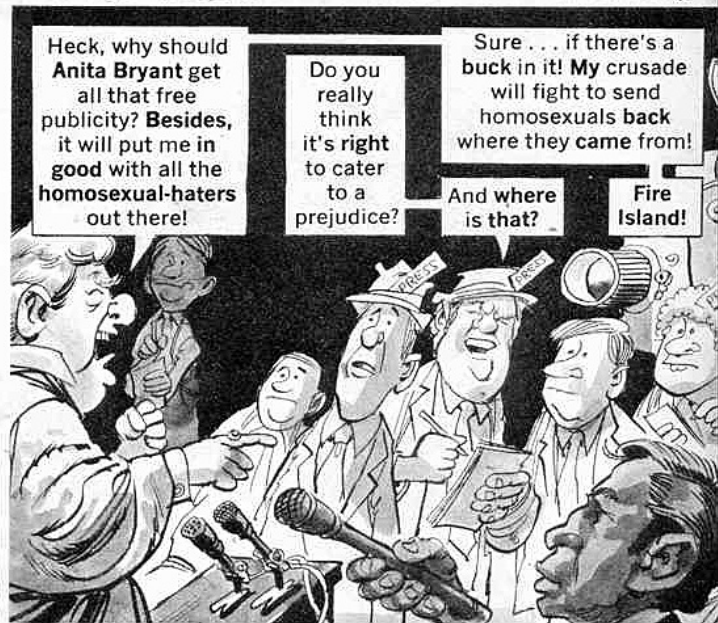
I'm holding a press conference in which I plan to announce the beginning of my new crusade against homosexuality!

You bet your buns I do! It's a threat to the Christian family structure! There are too many unmarried men doing nothing to propagate the race!

Don't think I'm not keeping my eye on Him!

Then . . . you consider homosexuality a sin?

But all unmarried men aren't necessarily homosexuals!! Actually, God isn't married!



Heck, why should Anita Bryant get all that free publicity? Besides, it will put me in good with all the homosexual-haters out there!

Do you really think it's right to cater to a prejudice?

Sure . . . if there's a buck in it! My crusade will fight to send homosexuals back where they came from!

And where is that?

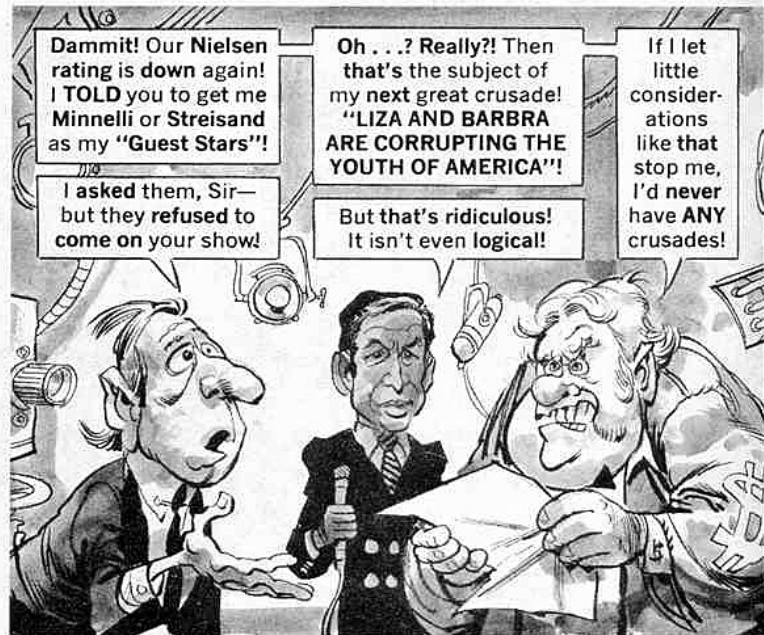
Fire Island!



Here's where I tape my weekly sermon for TV! It's carried by over 500 stations across the country! Yes, sir . . . I have successfully combined religion and show business!

What's the name of your show?

Well, that all depends on the ratings! Last week, it was called, "Mork & Mindy & God"! The week before—"Laverne & Shirley & The Almighty"! And this week, it's "Three's Company—If One Of Them Is HIM"!



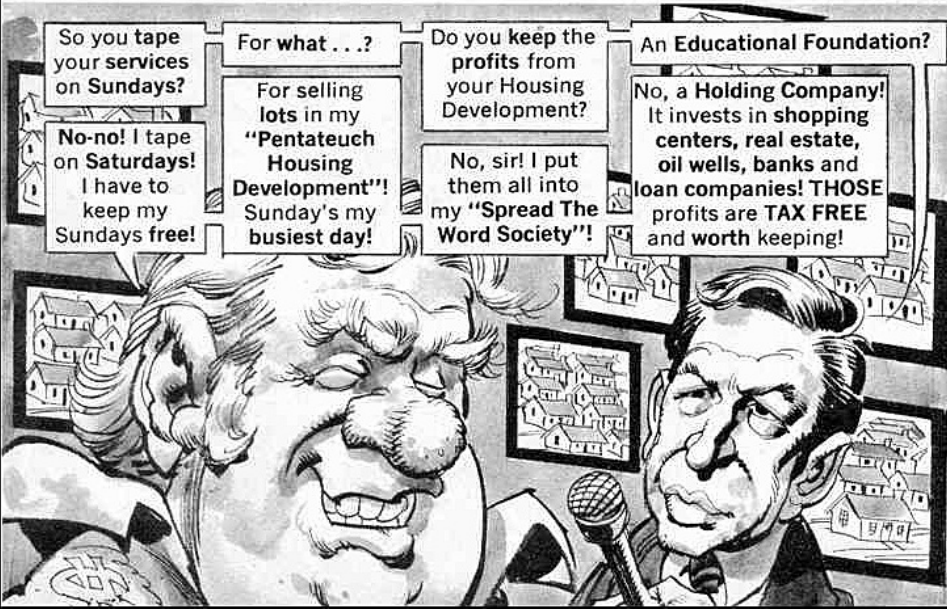
Dammit! Our Nielsen rating is down again! I TOLD you to get me Minnelli or Streisand as my "Guest Stars"!

I asked them, Sir—but they refused to come on your show!

Oh . . .? Really?! Then that's the subject of my next great crusade! "LIZA AND BARBRA ARE CORRUPTING THE YOUTH OF AMERICA"!

But that's ridiculous! It isn't even logical!

If I let little considerations like that stop me, I'd never have ANY crusades!



So you tape your services on Sundays?

No-no! I tape on Saturdays! I have to keep my Sundays free!

For what . . . ?

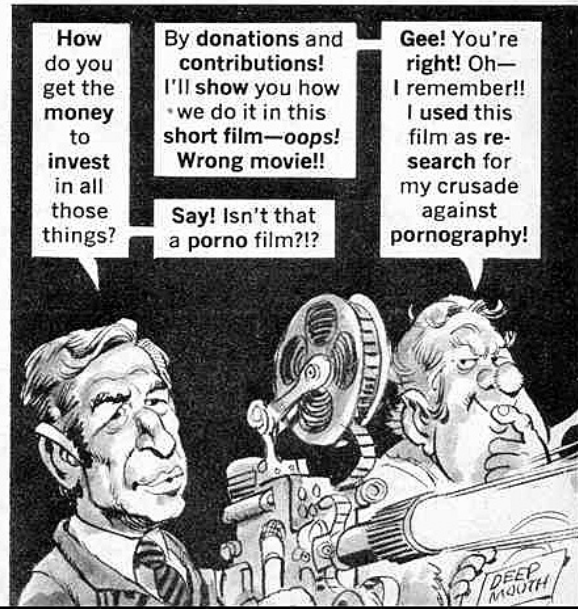
For selling lots in my "Pentateuch Housing Development"! Sunday's my busiest day!

Do you keep the profits from your Housing Development?

No, sir! I put them all into my "Spread The Word Society"!

An Educational Foundation?

No, a Holding Company! It invests in shopping centers, real estate, oil wells, banks and loan companies! THOSE profits are TAX FREE and worth keeping!



How do you get the money to invest in all those things?

By donations and contributions! I'll show you how we do it in this short film—oops! Wrong movie!!

Say! Isn't that a porno film?!!

Gee! You're right! Oh—I remember!! I used this film as research for my crusade against pornography!

Tell me ...
how do you
feel about
pornography?

It's nauseating!
After seeing this
movie 25 times,
I got sick of it!

What are they doing to
that Salvation Army lady?

Making her relocate!
Why should she hog
the best spot! Our
Christmas campaign
is so successful,
I plan on doing it
again in June!

You can't do
that! Christmas
is on Dec. 25th
to celebrate the
birth of Christ!

It IS?! Sorry
you told me! You
screwed up a
great promotion!

For a contribution of
\$1000, we put the
donor's name on a
plaque, and attach
it to a seat! We now
have 5000 donors!

But you only have
2500 seats! How do
you handle that ...?

The people whose
names begin with
A to K come to
the morning ser-
vice! And the L's
to Z's come to
the afternoon
service! During
the break, we
switch plaques!!

Here's a real good
fund-raiser for us!
"Our Lady Of The
Hard Eight Casino!"

Absolutely
right! But we
take the sin
out of it!

We use marked cards
and loaded dice!
Our parishioners
aren't taking any
chances here! The
house always wins!
Heh-heh-heh ...

But aren't games
of chance sinful?

Oh? How do
you do that?

And who are they?

God's helpers!
They run the
Casino for me!

But they
look like
they're in
"The Mob"!

"Judge not, lest ye shall be
judged!" In ancient times,
some people called the Twelve
Apostles "The Mob"! It's all
in the way you look at it!

And this
is my
proudest
achievement
... my own
tax-exempt
college!

I've noticed, as we've
gone through your col-
lege and church, that
we haven't seen any
Blacks! Do you discrim-
inate against Blacks?

Oh, that is a low
blow, Mike! A low
blow indeed! I most
certainly do have
Blacks in my college!

How many? Five!!

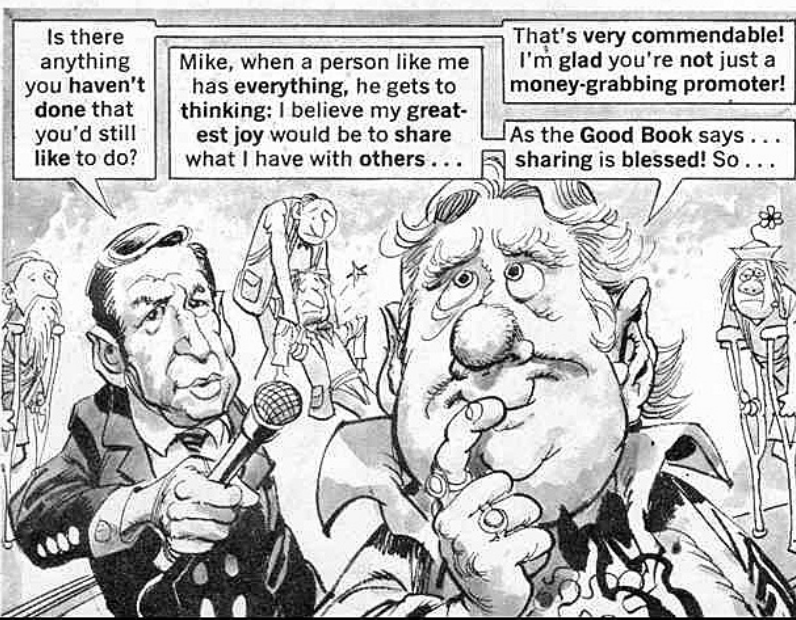
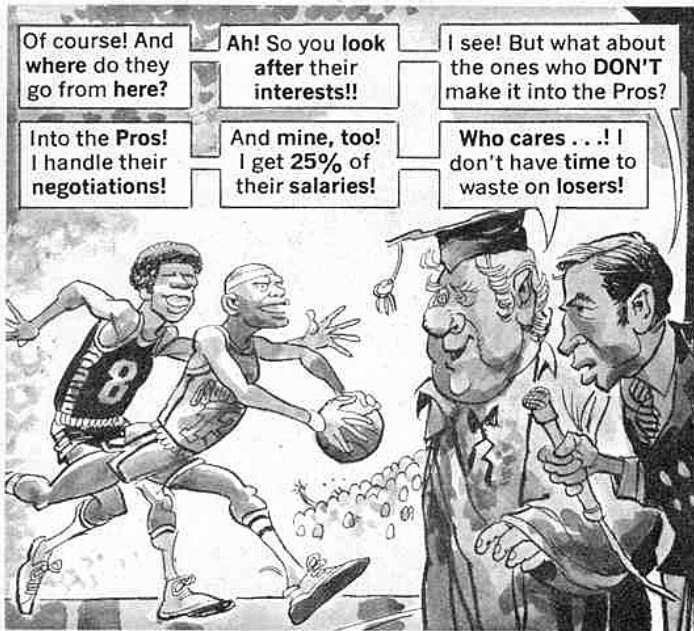
We share the
same religious
principle!

What religious
principle is
that ...?!

Winning at all
costs! I have
scouts that
scour ghetto
schoolyards for talent!

Isn't that
nice!
And when
they
graduate?

What gradu-
ate? They
play out
their four
years of
eligibility
and move on!





BYGONE BUY-GONES DEPT.

Despite all the books written about major events in history, we still know very little about the way our ancestors lived their normal, every-day lives. That's because the world didn't have Classified Telephone Directories in the past. And

STILL MORE YELLOW PA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

His Majesty's Medieval Telephone Co. Classified Directory



(Serving The Communities of Snadely, East
Kimshot, North Blatherskite, Grubber's Cove,
Upsted, Smurnwell and a portion of Weed.)

► Interior Decorators

illful
Your
Feet
9094
SCAPE
SOUTH
4916
r From
r Love
ainfall
-7172
NATOR
MUTT
GUARD
9-0987
RLAND
TOURS
5-5275
5-6987
y,
Night
4141
7-8192
(This Page)
5-4380

► Armor—Sales & Service

G. & R. METALLIC CLOTHIERS

LATEST FASHIONS FOR MEN IN YOUR
CHOICE OF CHAIN MAIL OR CAST IRON

Also Cute Matching Ensembles For
You And Your Horse

21 Junkmongers' Row... FOrsooth 8-6166

JEFFY ARMOR REPAIR

Emergency House Calls Made
To Pry Open Stuck Visors
And Unbolt Locked Knee Joints

14 Alley of Thieves Hingesqueak 8-1072

► Chivalry

Day & Knight Service

42 Knightsbridge Rd. JOuster 5-6161

KELLY BOYS

TEMPORARY CHIVALROUS HELP

Hire One Of Our Qualified Knights By
Day, Week Or Month To Handle Your
Work Backlog Of Maiden Rescuings, Etc.

Stall No. 9,

☐ Hucksters' Market ONguard 4-1196

WEIRD WALTER'S REPTILE FARM

Save Money On Your Next Chivalry Job
By Kissing One Of Our Frogs And
Creating Your Own Handsome Prince.

1328 Highwaymans' Highway WARTlips 2-3346

► Court Jesters

Carterre, Billye,

18 Buffoons' Lane GOober 8-3094

DEMAND A WELL TRAINED,
ALL-ROUND FOOL

Why Bore Your Castle Guests With
A Jester Whose After-Dinner Show
Consists Of Nothing But Bell
Jingling or Somersaults?

Our Employees Are Masters
Of All Phases Of Foolishness:

- Hilarious Pratfalls
- Dirty Limerick Reciting
- Impersonations of Famous Noblemen
- Bird Calls
- Off-Key Lute Strumming



Phone Now For A Free Audition—No Obligation Tower of London Basement BELLclang 5-8000

there's no substitute for reading The Yellow Pages to find out how a community lives and works. So let's suppose the telephone had been invented in the time of the Middle Ages, and phone books appeared soon after. Here is a MAD look at



AGES THROUGH HISTORY

*THIS IS PART III OF A CONTINUING SERIES. THE "COLONIAL YELLOW PAGES" WILL APPEAR NEXT.

THE ULTIMATE IN TERROR FOR HOME OR COMMERCIAL USE

Your One-Stop Headquarters For
"Maiden-Deform" Brand Iron Maidens
Genuine "Thumb-Fun" Thumb Screws
"E-Z-Grip" Brand Spiked Clubs
Racks (Sizes 4-feet-10 to 6-feet-6)

"Making Your
Enemies Scream
Since 1094"

Number 14
Manglers'
Square

APEX DUNGEON SUPPLIES
PHONE—SLOWdeath 7-0558



Compleat Fool, Ltd.,
Tower of London
Basement **BEllclang** 5-8000

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

ETHELREDE & SON OF ETHELREDE TALENT AGENCY

Fifty Dim-Witted Jugglers
Under Contract To Serve You

"Supplying The Kingdom With
Fools Since 1321"

77 Sunsette Strippe...**FLeshpeddler** 9-5951

Physicians & Other Sorcerers

AXELROD OF FLEETWOOD, M.D.

SPECIALIZING IN THE TREATMENT
OF FITS & SEIZURES

Fully Trained In The
Use Of Leeches,
Mystical Powders, Etc.

Also Lead Trans-
muted To Gold
While You Wait

44 Street of the
Quacks**MAIpractice** 7-8180

IGOR THE DROOLING, M.D.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY
Member Of The Transylvanie State
Medical Dissectors' Association

24 Plaza of Filth**BATwing** 9-4428

Pubs

THE KNAVE & BULLFEATHER

Live Druid Chanting
Nightly

No Churls Under
21 Admitted

37 Street of the Winos...**STumblebum** 5-6623

The Knight Club,
63 Drunken Walk **ROtgut** 3-2189

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

Scribes

CLOISTERED MONASTERY COPYING SERVICE

Let Our Skilled Monks Create An
Illuminated Manuscript From Your
Scribbled Sonnet Or Royal Edict

Only Highest
Quality Vellum
Used

Fast Delivery
Within Five Years
Guaranteed

Dank Cell No. 27,
Foggy Mountain **TRappist** 4-5779

Singers & Musical Groups

The Old Christie Minstrels
36 Alley of Tenors **HARmony** 7-2123

WALLED CITY ROLLERS

BOFFO GROUP WILL LIVEN UP YOUR
CORONATION, WEDDING FEAST OR
PUBLIC HANGING WITH SMASH HIT
MADRIGALS FROM THE TOP FORTY

44 Toe Tappers' Lane... **GRoupie** 4-3897

Social Service Agencies

BEDLAM

LOW YEARLY OR LIFETIME RATES
FOR KEEPING THE LOONY IN YOUR
FAMILY OUT OF CIRCULATION

Iron Window Bars And All Other
Modern Psychiatric Facilities Offered

Trained Keepers On Duty 24 Hours A Day

Far End of Dead-End
Road **BLoodcurdle** 5-0808

ROBIN HOOD & HIS MERRY MEN

"SERVING THE POOR BY
MUGGING THE RICH"

Call Us To Help
You With Your Next
Highway Robbery

Why Go To Debtors' Prison
When Our Competent Crooks
Can Steal What You Need?

Rural Route 1,
Nottingham **SHerwood** 8-3188

Torture Devices

Apex Dungeon Supplies
14 Manglers' Square **SLOWdeath** 7-0558
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

RODNEY'S RENT-A-TRUNCHEON

Complete Line of Persuasion
Equipment For Witch Hunts,
Inquisitions & General Fun

Available By Hour, Day Or Week We Deliver

91 Scummy Water
Parkway **SKullbuster** 7-6564

Sturdy-Maid Interrogation Devices,
28 Agony Alley **COnfessall** 4-4419

Torture Studios

DINWIDDIE'S DUNGEON

Bring Your Enemies Or Relatives To
Us For Full Confessions Under The
Sadistic Guidance Of Our Trained Staff

Advance
Reservations For Rack
Space Required

Not Responsible
For Victims Left
Over Thirty Days

53 Boulevard of
Broken Legs **CLobber** 8-4725

TED & BRUCIE'S PLACE

CALL US FIRST IF YOUR "THING"
IS BEING BEATEN TO DEATH
BY FOUR BUTCH GUYS WEARING
BLACK LEATHER CAPES

41 Lavender Lane **STrangefellow** 2-0711

Travel Agents

FLAT WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

NOW ACCEPTING RESERVATIONS FOR THE
FOURTH CRUSADE AND MARCO POLO'S
VOYAGE TO FAR CATHAY

Why Settle For A Two-Week Vacation
When We Can Send You On A Trip
That Will Last A Whole Lifetime?

Wharfside Stall No. 8 **JOyride** 3-9124

A MAD LOOK AT THE SILENT

NOW GO OUT THERE AND
HIT THOSE SISSIES!!

Those are 360
POUND sissies!

Gatorade gives
me the runs!!

What am I doing here! I'm an
Interior Decorating Major!!

Their Cheerleaders wear no bras!
Their Cheerleaders wear no bras!

Before I introduce this year's recipients of our award, let me first say a few words about our distinguished guest...

If he hurries, I
can still catch the
second half of the
Vikings-Rams game!

My shirt
is caught
in my
zipper!

It took a bundle
to get the votes,
but I'll make it
up in kick-backs!

If this goes
on any longer,
I'll need
another drink!

Big deal! Any
schmuck can win
this Humpty-
Dumpty award!

I wonder if anybody
will be offended if
I get up and leave!
I gotta go so bad!

Today, after singing our Company Song,
we are going to try to sell our five
millionth portion of "Creamed Chicken
On A Sesame Seed Muffin"! So go out
there and put on a great show! Ready?

This is a
heckuva way
to break
into Show
Business!

The word
"chicken"
ALONE
makes me
sick!

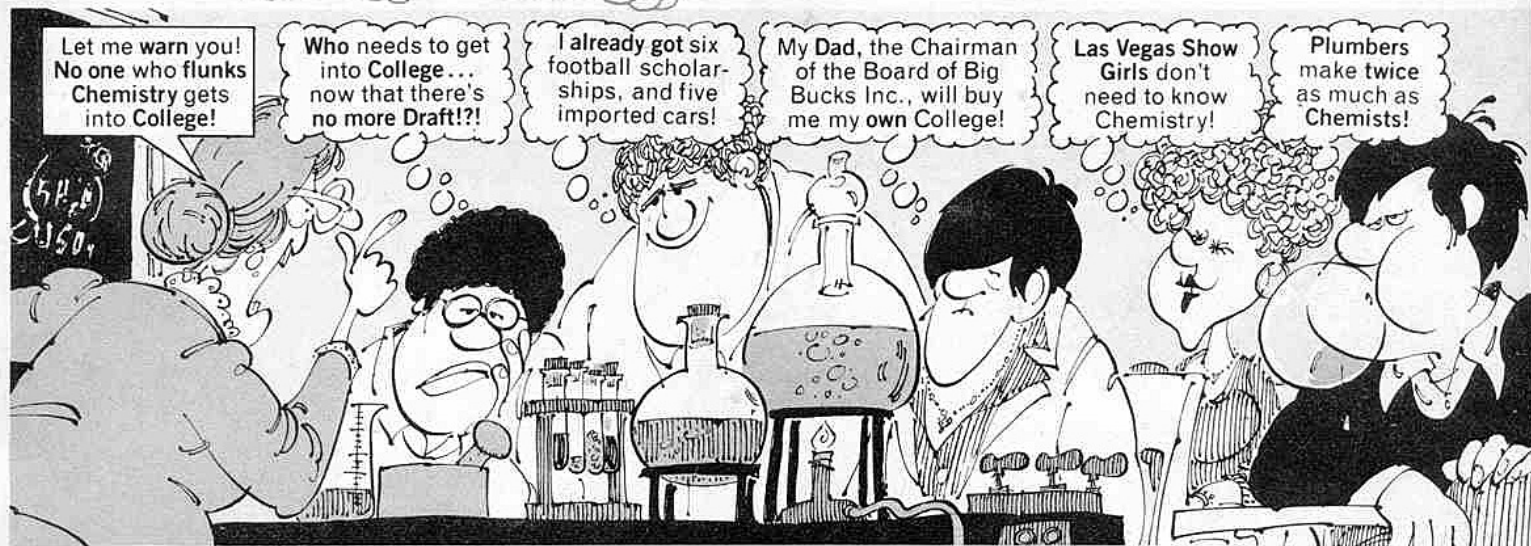
Someday, I'll
have me my
own chain of
"Chitlins an'
Ribs" stands!

Gee, I sure
hope my
blood test
comes back
"Negative"!

I wonder if
this Creamed
Chicken is
what's giving
me my acne!

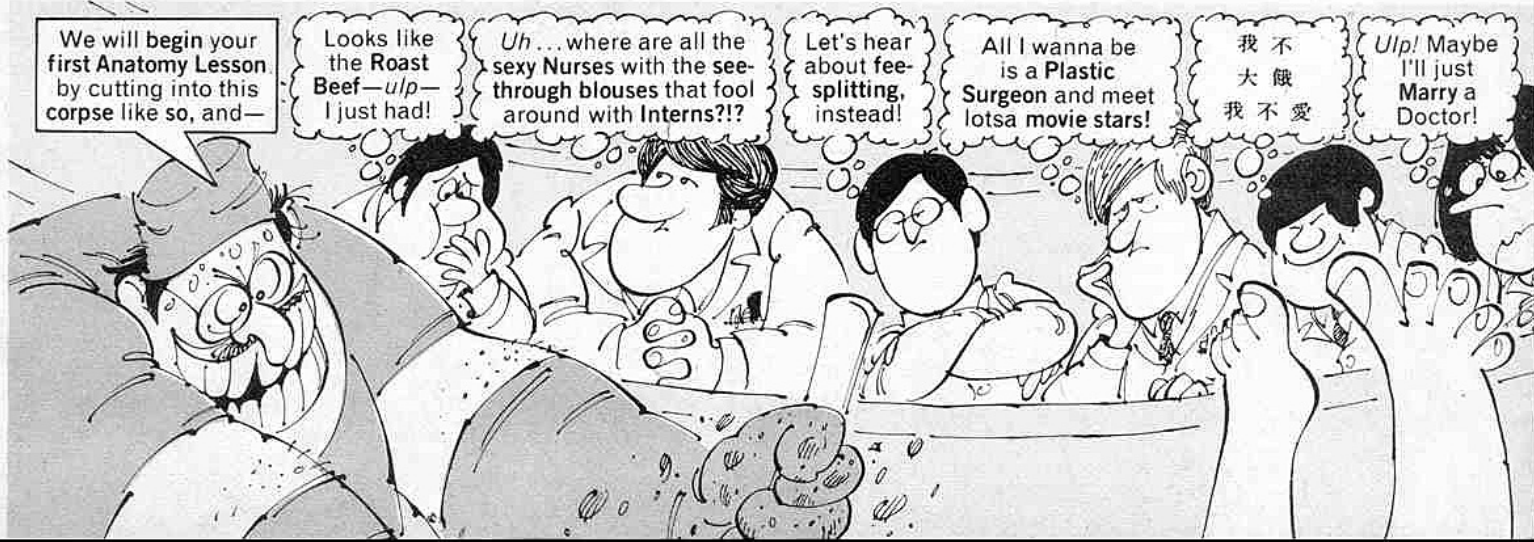
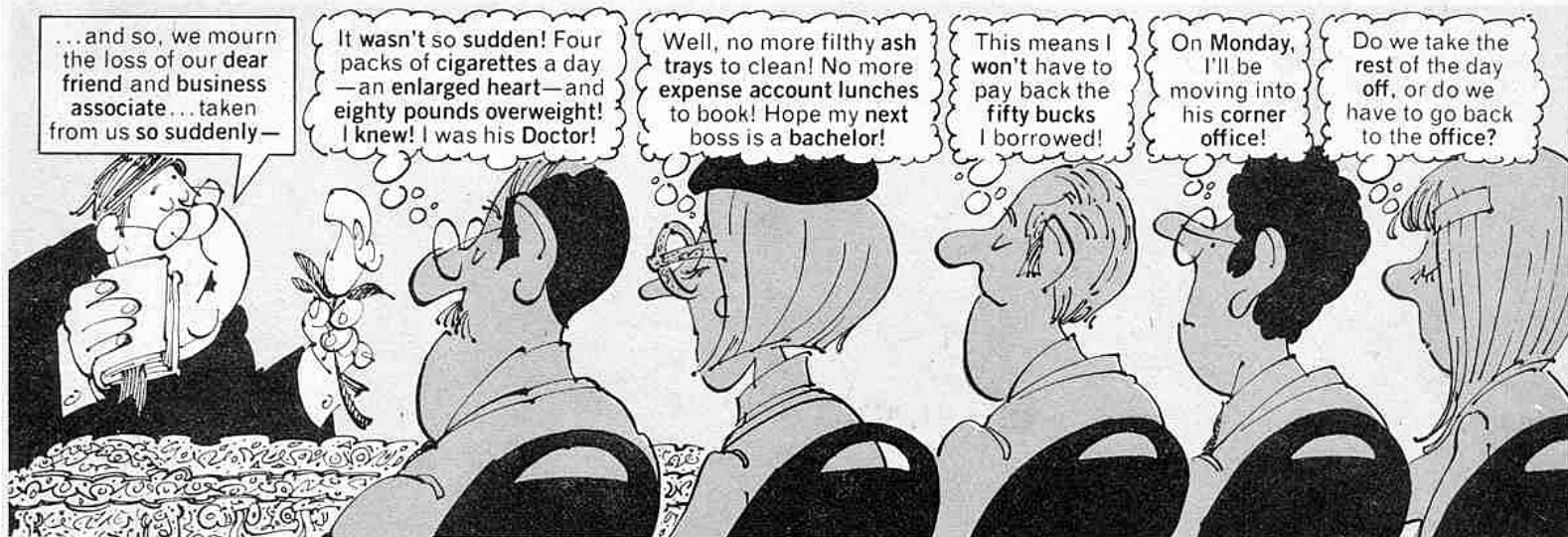
thinking

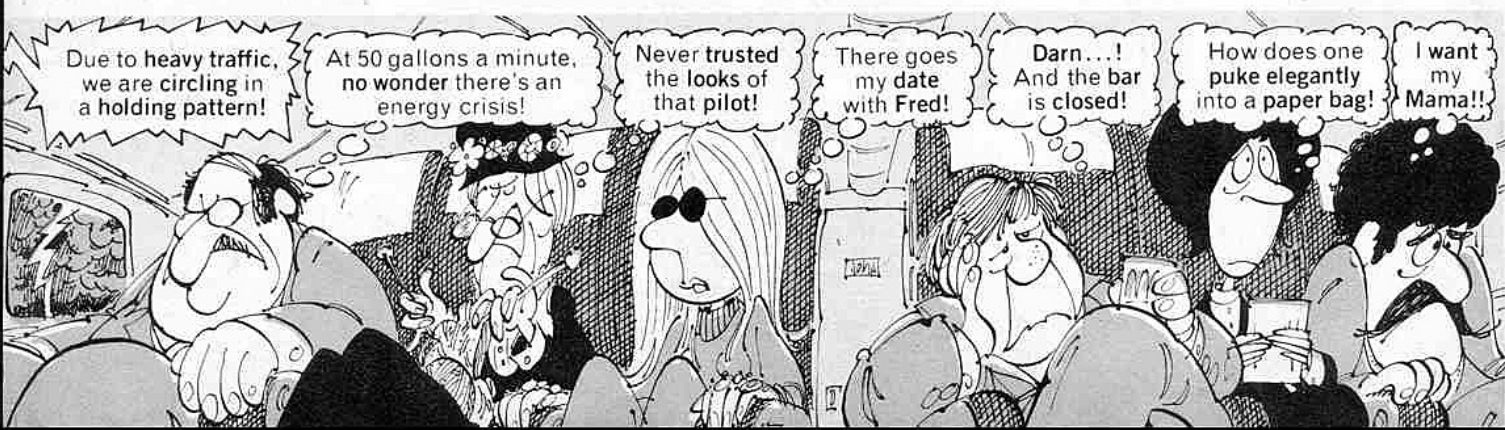
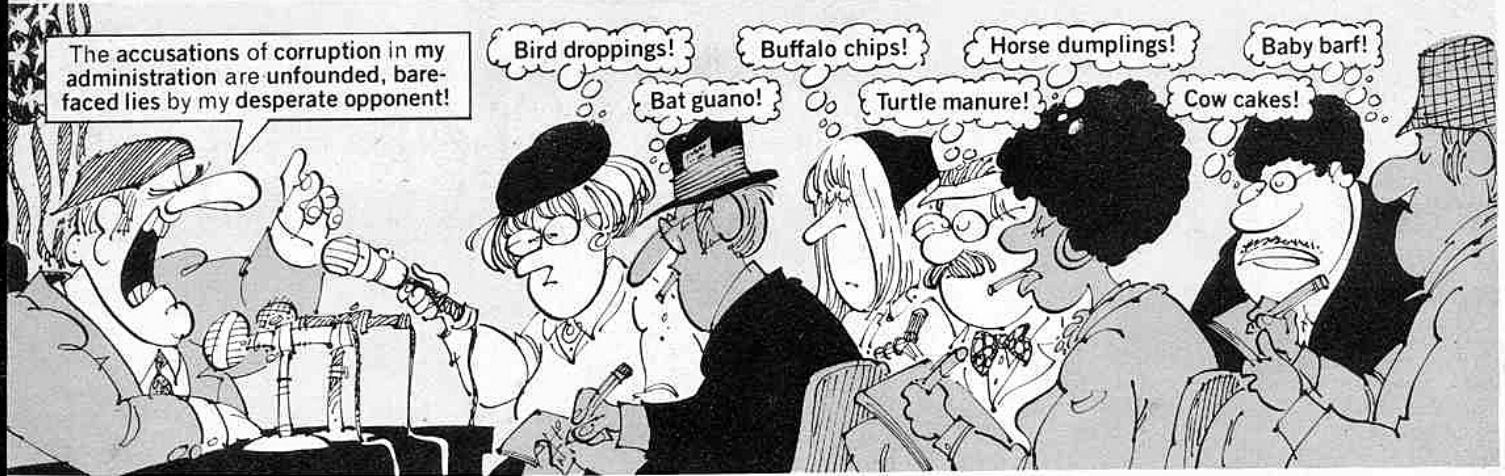
AUDIENCE



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES





SHOLASTRICKS DEPT.

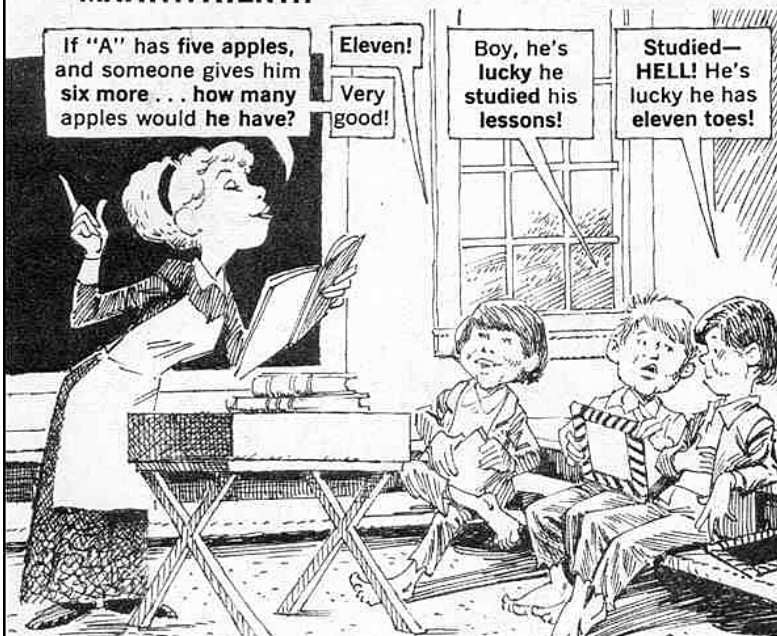
Several times in past issues, we've explored the changes that have taken place in our educational system. Among other things, we've seen how attitudes, dress and the life-styles of students have changed over the decades. Now, here is . . .

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHANGING TOOLS OF EDUCATION

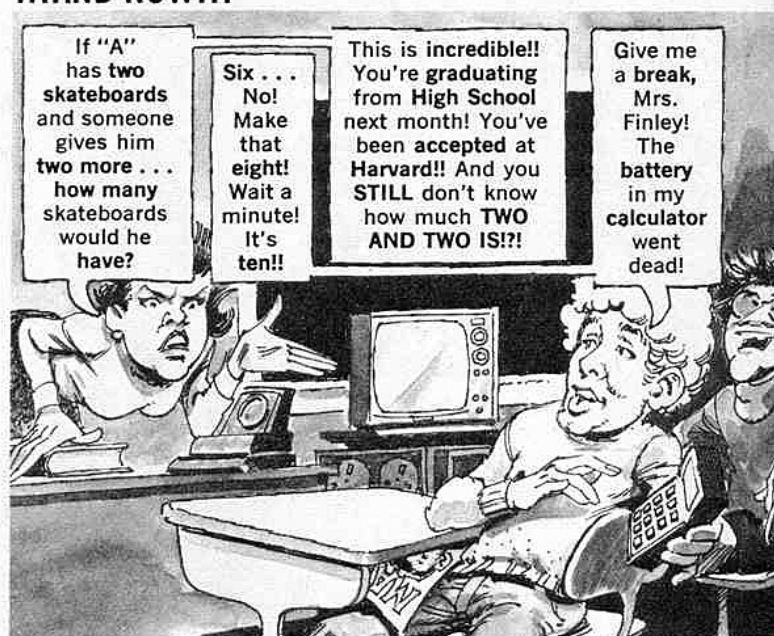
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

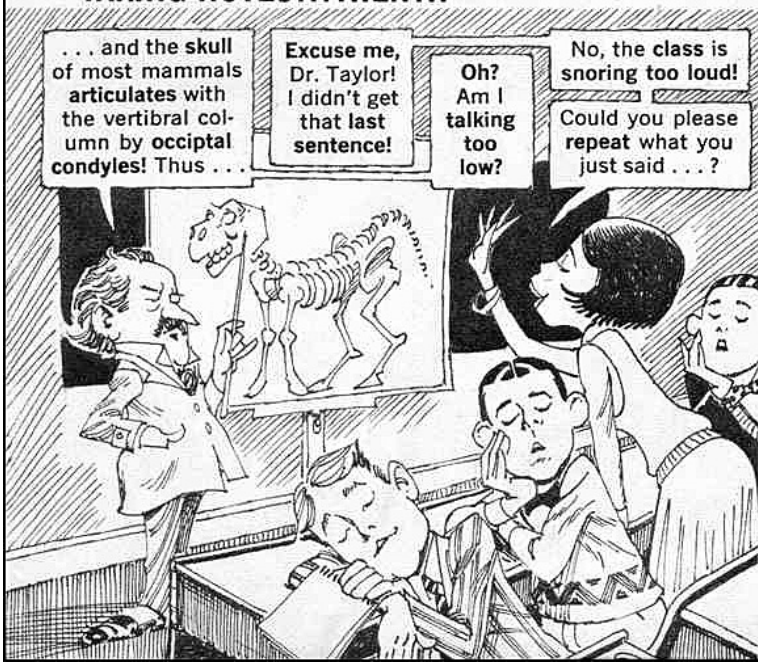
MATH...THEN...



...AND NOW...



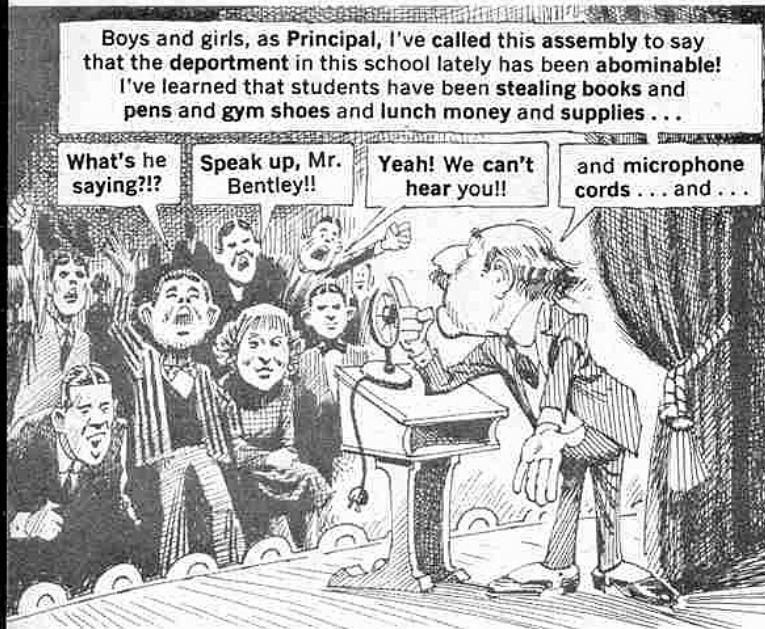
TAKING NOTES...THEN...



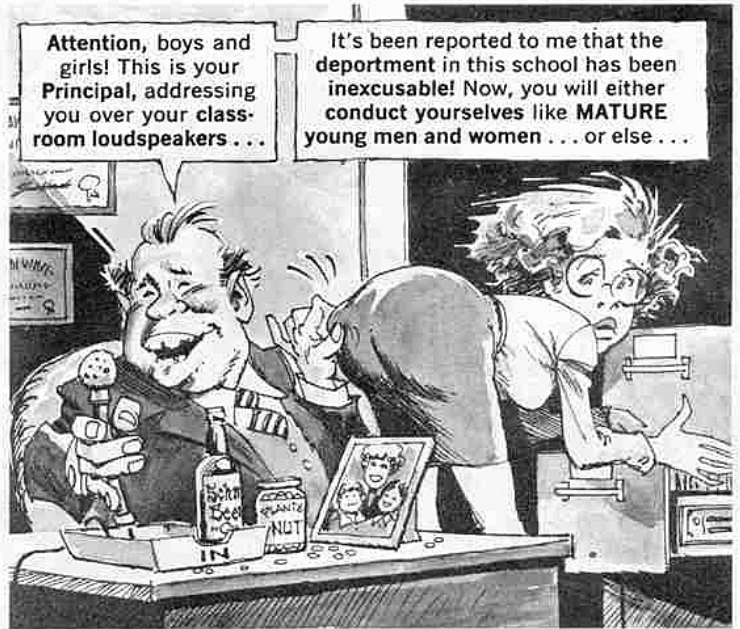
...AND NOW...



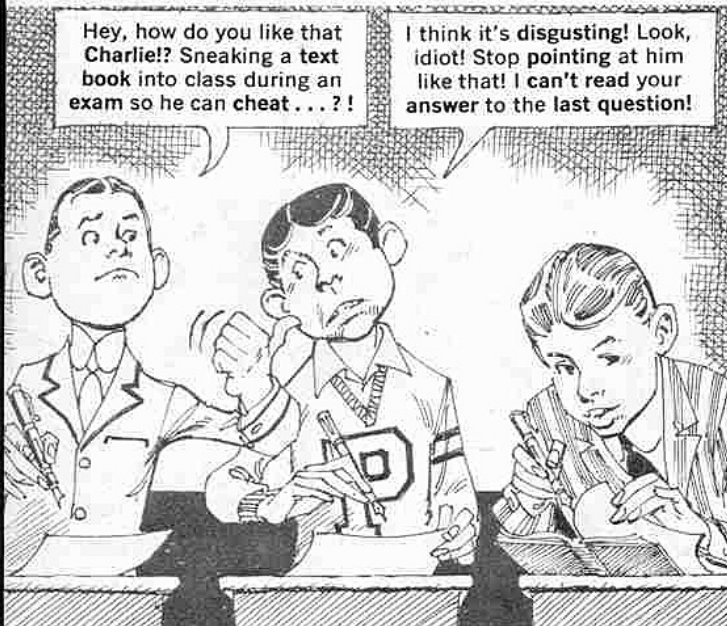
ANNOUNCEMENTS...THEN...



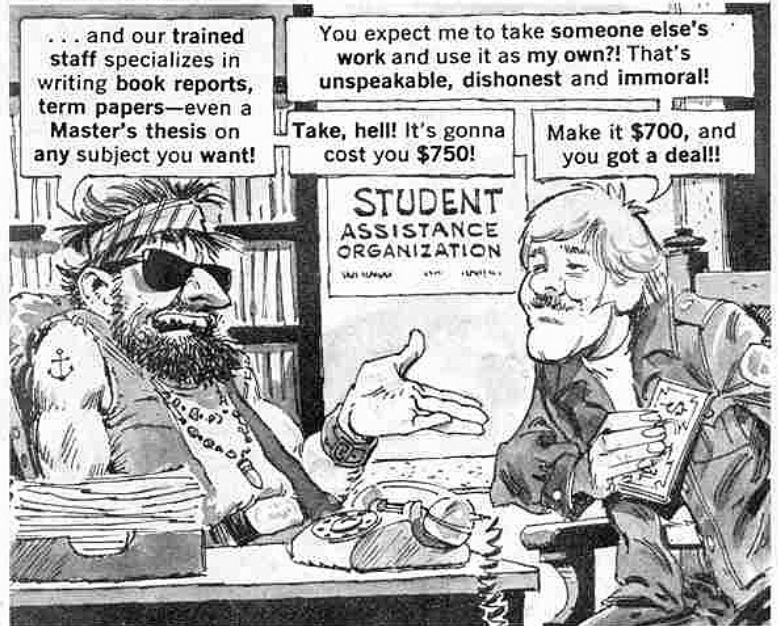
...AND NOW...



SCHOOL MORALITY...THEN...



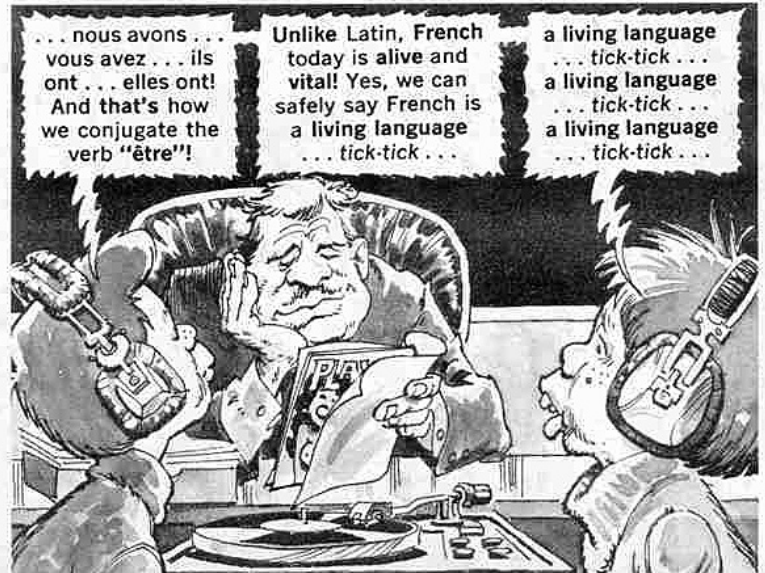
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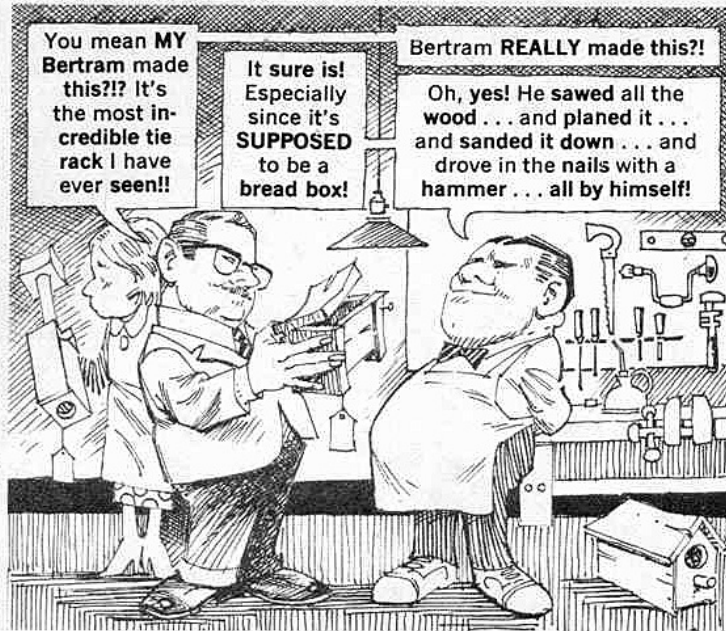
LANGUAGE CLASS...THEN...



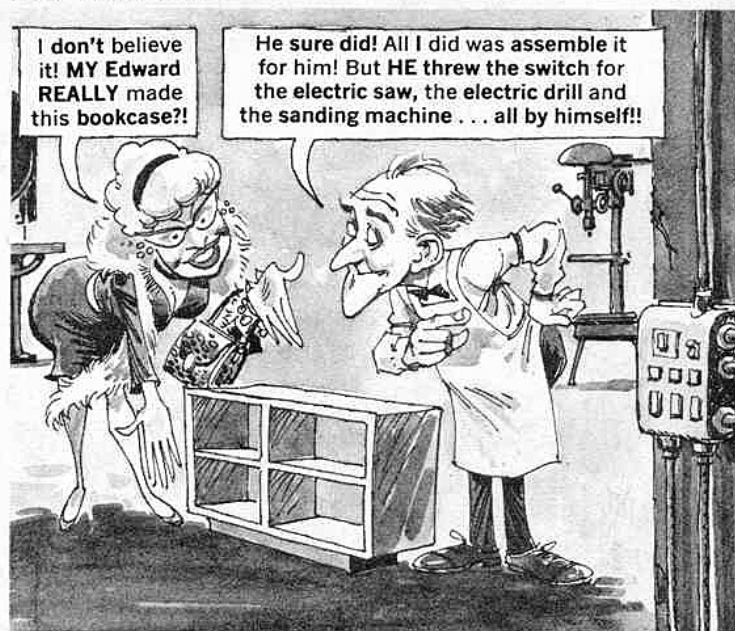
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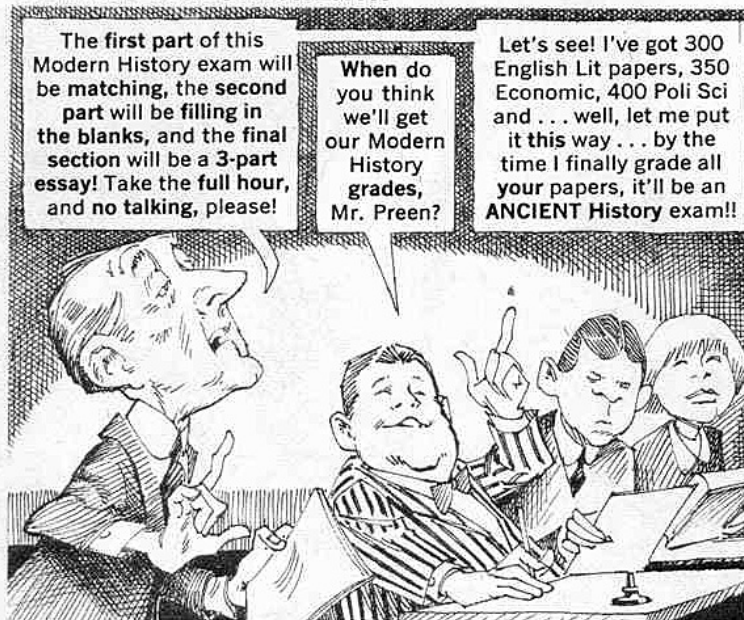
OPEN SCHOOL WEEK...THEN...



...AND NOW...



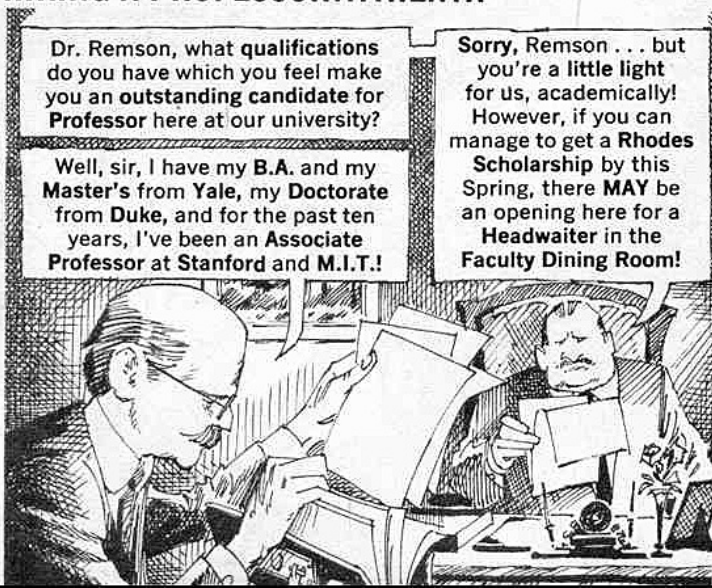
TAKING EXAMS...THEN...



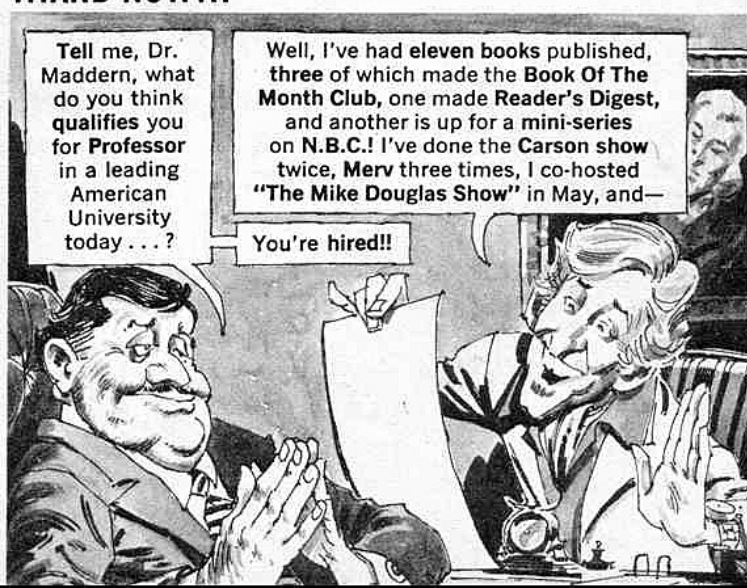
...AND NOW...

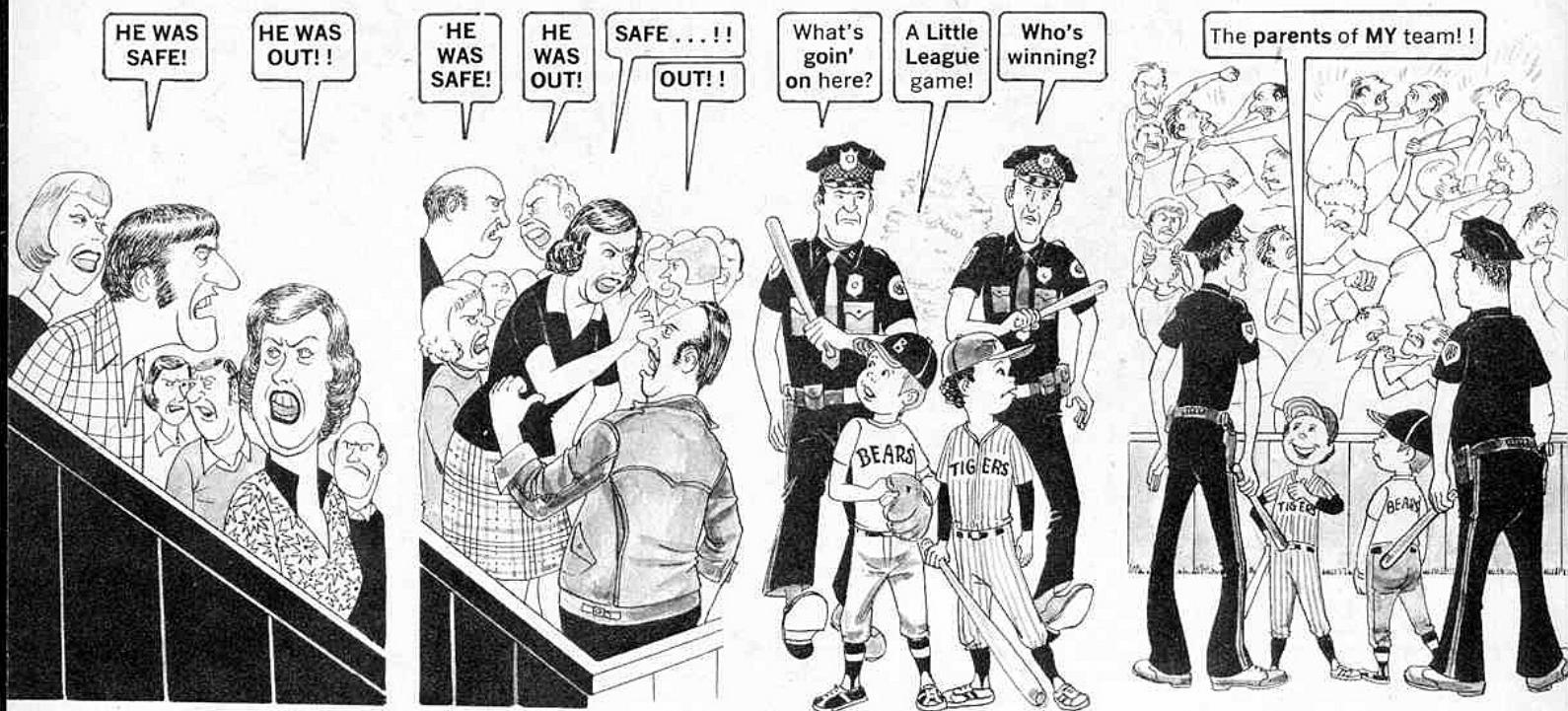


HIRING A PROFESSOR...THEN...



...AND NOW...

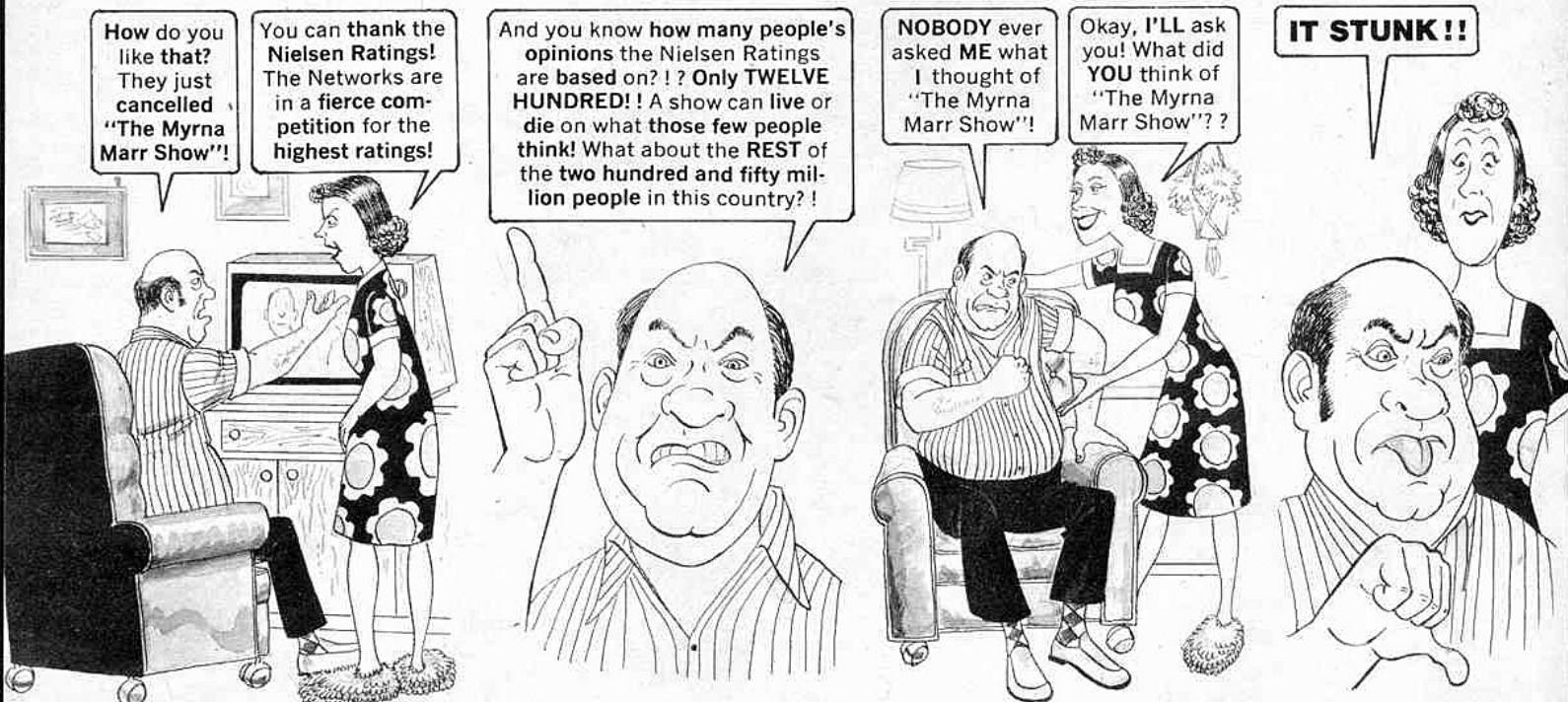




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COM





It's almost like the old days!!
We're in a **PRICE WAR** with the
gas station across the street!

Are you kidding?!
At a time of gas
shortages . . . ??

That makes the
competition
even fiercer!

So
who's
winning!

Right
now, **WE**
are!!

OUR prices are HIGHER!!



COMPETITION

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

I've got a **classic rivalry**
going on in my home! The
little one and the **big one**
are **BOTH** constantly com-
peting for my attention!

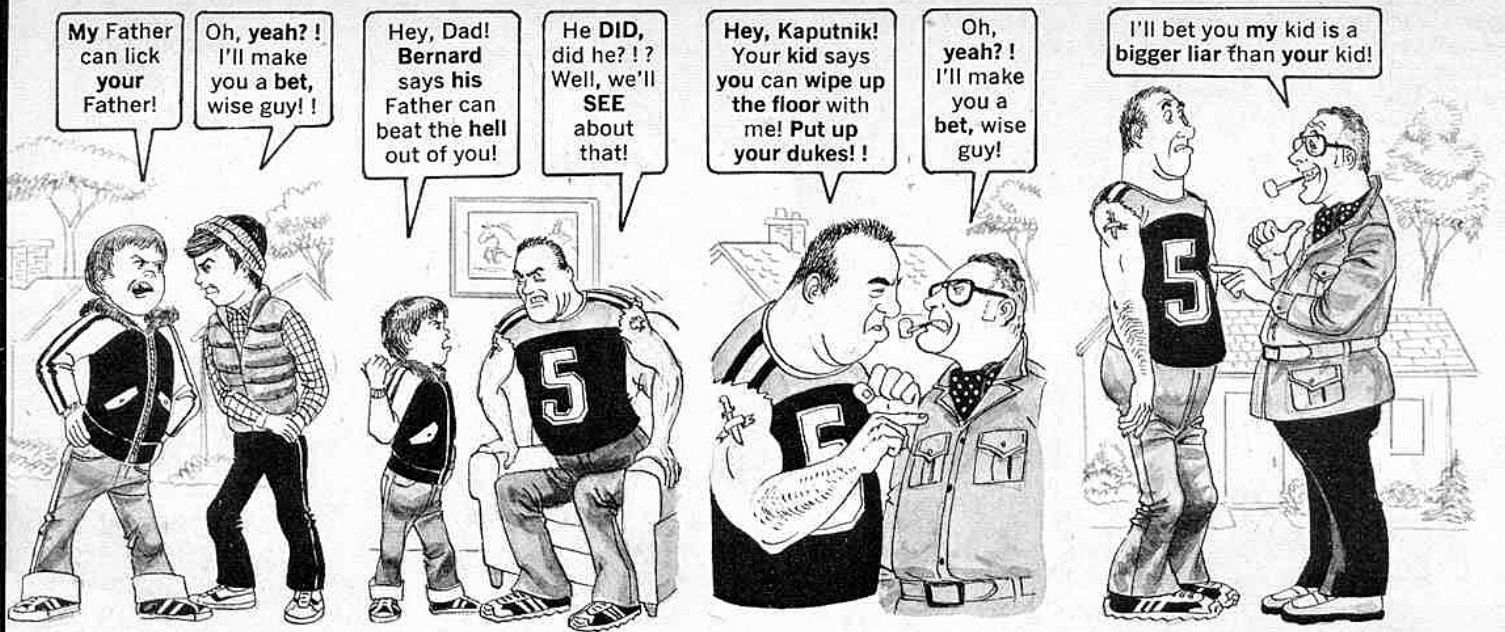
The **big one** is the **worst!**
He's **jealous** of the **little**
one! He pulls all sorts of
tricks to beat him out! He
even throws **temper tantrums!**

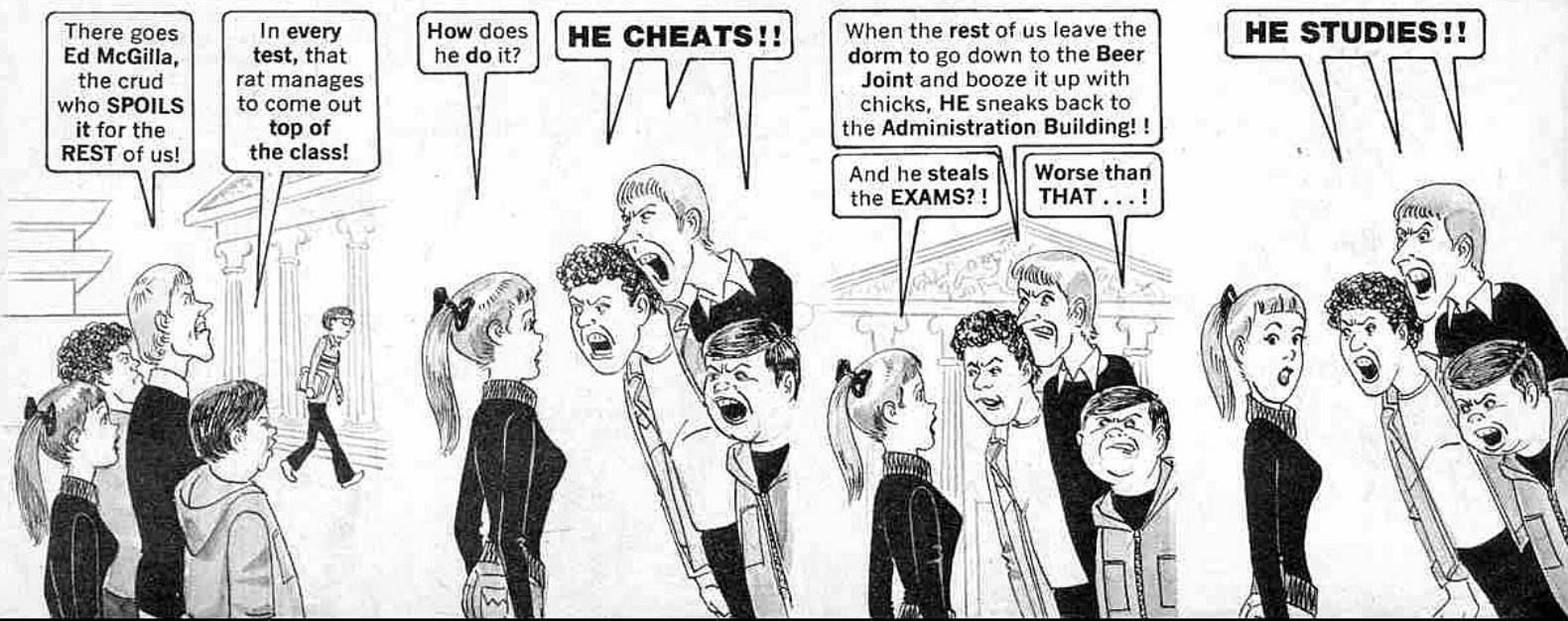
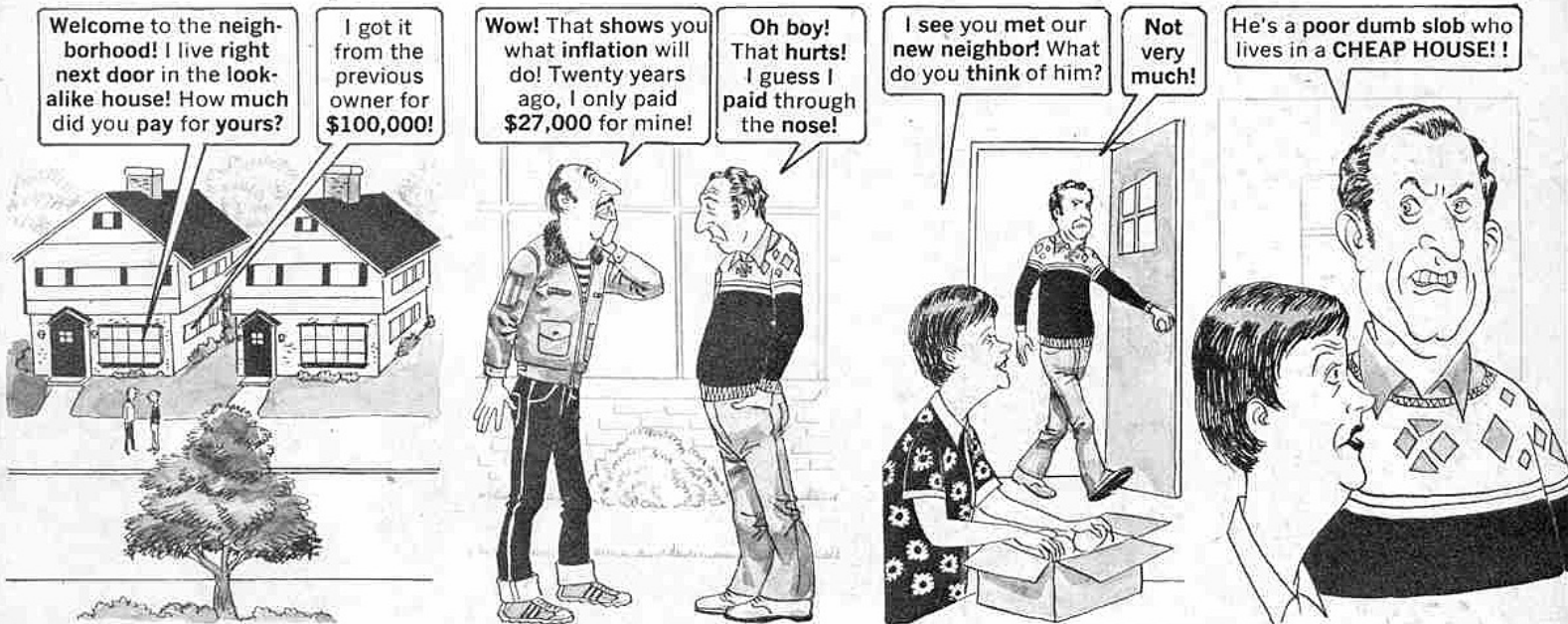
I'm going
out of my
MIND!!

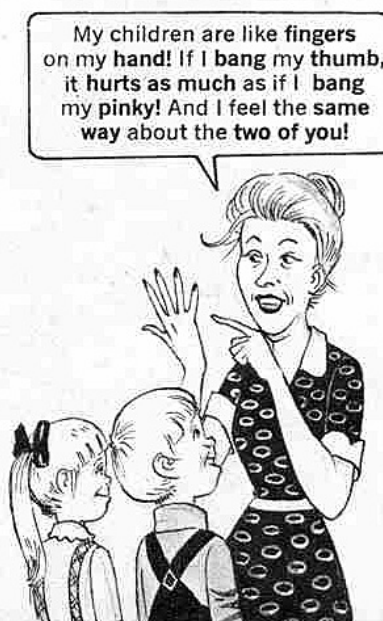
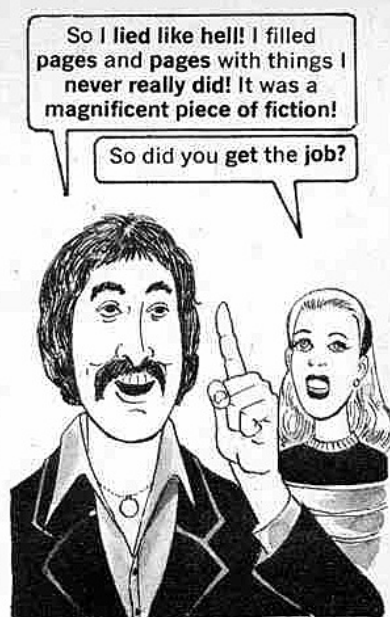
How many **child-**
ren do you have
in your family?

Just **THOSE TWO!!**









GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING WORKING PEOPLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

**THE JOB-EFFICIENCY
MEDAL**



Presented to blue collar workers who manage to remain on the job without getting fired while half asleep (on Fridays) and hung over (on Mondays), even though the quality of work produced is disgraceful and dangerous.

**THE PIGGY-BACK
PARTS AWARD**



Goes to repairmen who courageously replace an entire mechanical system in a car or an appliance, even though only a tiny part of it is malfunctioning... thus protecting thousands of jobs in the "Parts Manufacturing" industries.

**THE PURLOINED
PAPER CLIP MEDAL**



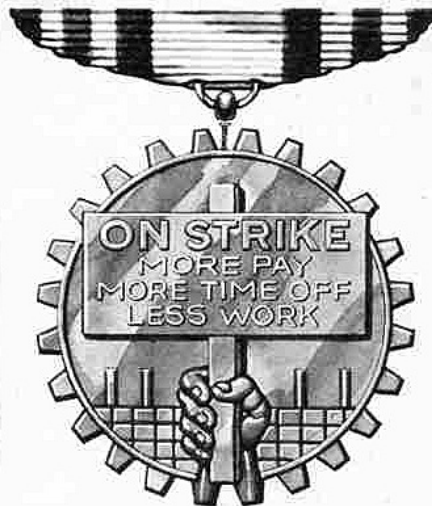
Goes to white collar workers who create fringe benefits by using company supplies and services, and by taking home anything that isn't nailed down. These are lots better than pay raises, since no taxes are collected on them.

**THE SILVER
TONGUE AWARD**



Awarded to salespersons who bravely face suckers who come into the store for advertised bargains that do not exist, and manage to switch them into buying costlier but inferior products, thereby boosting our entire economy.

**THE UNION MEDAL
OF HONOR**



Presented to workers who blindly respond and heroically serve on picket lines without questioning the issues, the motives or anything else involved in strike situations, just as long as it means more money in their pockets.



WHAT IS A

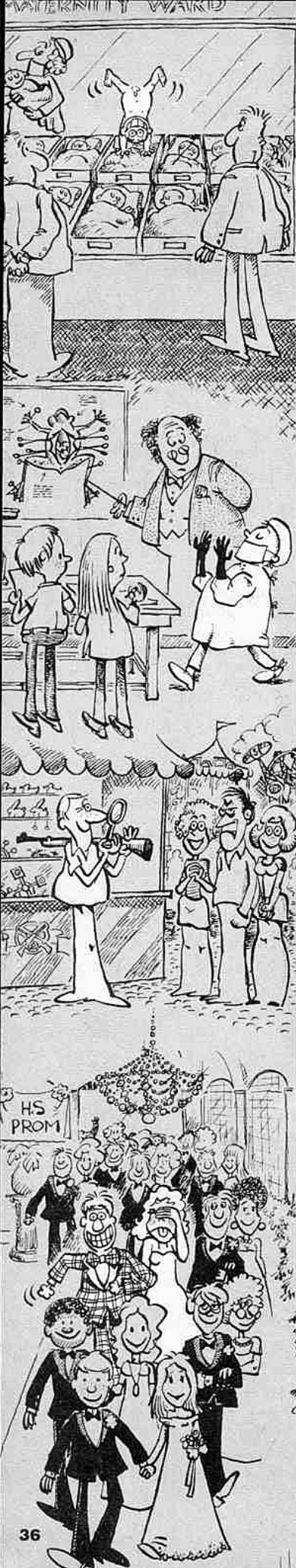
Between the time your parents first send you off to the Hilly Acres Summer Camp and the time your children last send you off to the Holy Acres Cemetery, you are sure to encounter a type of brash, brassy, brazen, braying braggart known as a Show-Off. Most people hate Show-Offs with the same passion that they hate tornadoes. This is because both phenomena make entirely too much noise, are filled with hot air, spin around on their own axis, always arrive without warning and never leave as soon as you wish they would.

The typical latent Show-Off will first display symptoms of his disturbance in early childhood when he can be observed committing such small, tell-tale acts as hanging by his heels from the school auditorium balcony, or eating crayons during the pledge to the flag, or taking off his clothes to play doctor when everyone else is playing softball, or bloodying your nose for the viewing pleasure of the new girl in class. With luck, he will cease this idiotic behavior as he matures. Without luck, he will grow up to become another Jimmy Connors.

Among those who never outgrow the scourge of Show-Offishness, specimens can be found in every color, race and creed. There are Black Show-Offs who wear garish jewelry, drive pink Continentals and habitually shout, "Hey! What's happening?" There are Latin Show-Offs who buy imitation velvet wallpaper, drive chrome-plated Chevies and spray paint their names on public buildings. There are Indian Show-Offs who wear phony buckskin, beat on phony tom-toms and stage sit-in protests for the sole purpose of having them seen on the six o'clock news. Then, too, there are White Show-Offs. But all they do is wear garish jewelry, spray paint their names on public buildings, drive pink Continentals, stage sit-in protests and shout, "Hey! What's happening?" during such events as symphonic concerts, graveside ceremonies and High Masses conducted by the Pope.

Though modern society is tragically overburdened with Acute Flashers, Addicted Flaunters and Assorted Flakes, it's still easy to spot a true Show-Off in any crowd. He's the one who carries a bullhorn to cocktail parties so everyone in the room will have to listen to his jokes. He's the one who brings his own magazines to the doctor's waiting room so the other patients will know he reads "Gentlemen's Quarterly." And he's the one who always orders in French, even at McDonald's . . . where he's also the one who demands to see the manager because the place doesn't have an adequate wine list.

Without question, a Show-Off is a unique form of humanity. Who else would run 99 yards in the Super Bowl, and then get tackled on the one-yard line because that's where he stopped to pose for photographers? Who else would toil for years to build a profitable business just so he can do his own TV commercials? Who else would "burn rubber" to accelerate from zero-to-sixty in nine seconds when he's only driving to the corner for a quart of milk? And who else would have custom Christmas cards printed just so everyone can see how cute he looks in his Santa Claus suit?



SHOW OFF?

Show-Offs have a knack for upsetting everyone around them as they splash their way through the puddle of life. They debilitate their parents, nauseate their teachers and alienate their classmates before moving on to adulthood where they irritate their employers and infuriate their co-workers. About the only positive thing a Show-Off ever does is stimulate the economy. After all, if there were no Show-Offs in this world, then who would buy all the purple satin bowling shirts and artificial home waterfalls and iridescently painted dune buggies and strapless, backless, almost frontless evening gowns?

One thing you have to admire about a Show-Off is his dedication. Throughout his whole life, he'll do absolutely anything to make people notice him. At the age of ten, he'll risk violent nausea to be seen chewing a mouthful of his father's pipe tobacco. At 30, he'll risk total unemployment to entertain the secretaries with his impersonation of the boss's annoying sinus sniffle. At 50, he'll risk painful back injury to bend his partner into a flamboyant "dip" at the Country Club Dance. And at 80, he'll risk terminal pneumonia to get his picture in the paper going for a swim on the coldest day of the year.

In a way, it's a pity on the incorrigible, incurable, insufferable Show-Off, for under all that swinish swagger, he often harbors positive qualities that have never been developed. Deep down inside, there may well exist the Self-Effacing Humility of Muhammad Ali, the Tranquil Introspection of Bella Abzug, the Noble Constraint of Idi Amin, the Blushing Modesty of Charro, the Unpretentious Charm of Ivan the Terrible and the Studious Reserve of Popeye the Sailor.

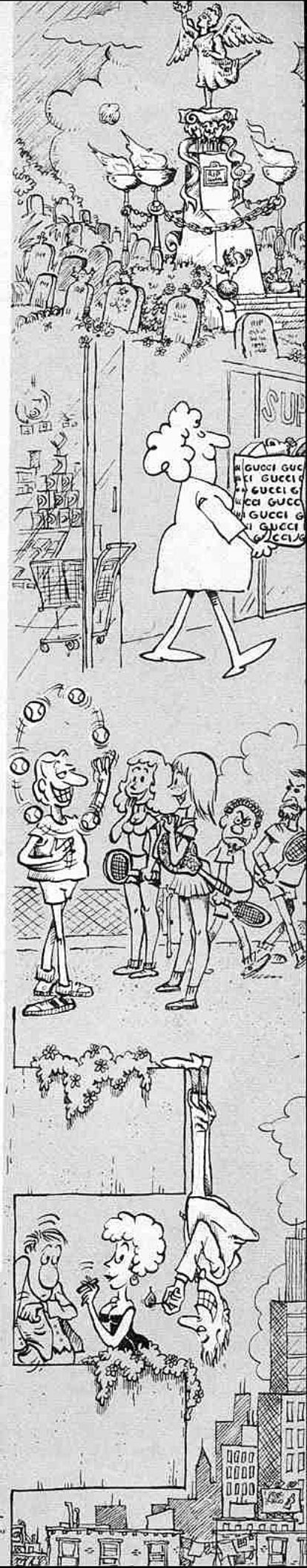
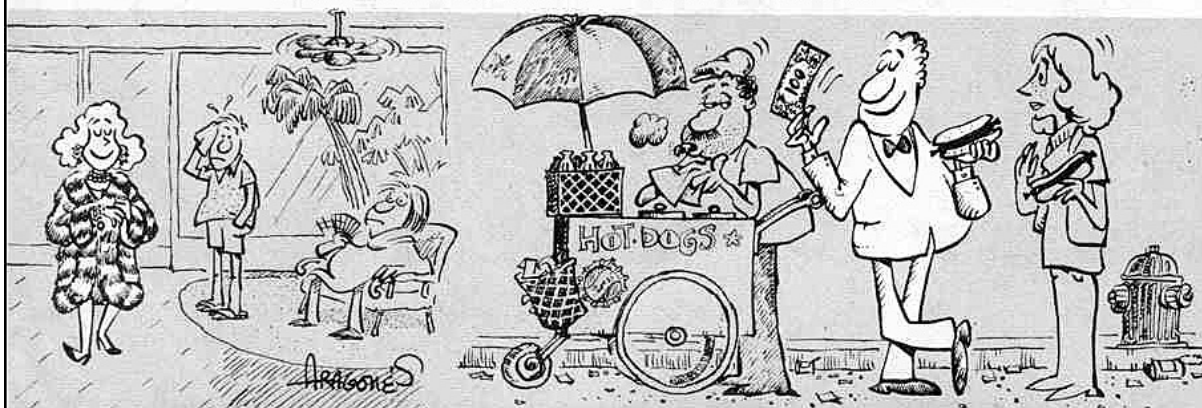
No doubt about it. At the core of his being, a Show-Off is much more than just another over-amplified guitar twanger modeling a wardrobe made up of discarded seat covers from a Tijuana taxi. He is also Thoughtful Consideration blowing smoke from a cheap cigar, Sound Judgment singing dirty fraternity songs at an All-Campus Convocation, Quiet Dependability doing wheelies on a stolen motorcycle, a Firm Handshake clutching a concealed joy buzzer, Somber Reflection wearing a lampshade on his head and the Face of Maturity bathed in eerie light from the glow of his own electrified bow tie.

Show-Offs rarely choose to spend their lives as bodyguards for the President or bookkeepers for the Syndicate or consultants for a Swiss bank. More often, they prefer careers as professional skywriters or televised faith healers or Marine Band drum majors. But even when a Show-Off accidentally winds up in some anonymous job like Top Secret Under-Cover Agent, he never really loses his lifelong craving to step into the spotlight. And you can bet that someday, when he's receiving blueprints in the shadow of the Berlin Wall or exchanging microfilm in the silence of the Peking Library, he will blow his cover by impulsively blurting out the familiar cry of the born Show-Off:

"HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT ME!"

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: TOM KOCH



FLEECE MARKET DEPARTMENT

Americans are bemoaning the fact that the Arabs are overcharging us for their oil, and then adding insult to injury by bringing the money back here to buy up most of desirable real estate and our most precious art treasures. So MAD asks: Why don't we do something about it? With our famed Yankee ingenuity, we should be able to con-

SURPLUS ITEMS WE CA

OUR SURPLUS POLYESTER LEISURE SUITS



When the Great American Leisure Suit had went blooey a few years ago, merchants were stuck with hundreds of thousands of unsold garments, mostly in loud colors and portly sizes. (It's even possible that the New Orleans Superdome had to be built for the sole purpose of storing away left-over leisure suits that didn't fit into other warehouses!) The Arabs are natural customers for this vast accumulation . . . especially since most of them are portly, but only a few of them have mirrors to see how idiotic they look in them.

"GREATEST TUNES OF THE JOHNNY MANN SINGERS"



Couple the fact that Arabs are the world's most dedicated skeet shooters with the fact that unsalable LP phonograph records make terrific clay pigeons, and a new method of bolstering the U.S. economy quickly appears. Best of all, scientists predict that we'll keep replenishing our stockpile of unsaleable records as long as we need Arab oil. It is only a suggestion that we begin this export trade with "Johnny Mann" records. We could probably do just as well with some of the less popular selections of Johnny Desmond, Tony Martin, Jerry Vale, Buddy Greco, Al Martino, Rosemary Clooney, Dorothy Collins, Julie London and Tommy Leonetti.

OUR PERPETUAL SUPPLY OF RASPBERRY SHERBERT



Americans obviously hate raspberry sherbet, as evidenced by the fact that restaurants always have plenty left, even after they've run out of every other dessert on the menu. Meanwhile, Arabs and their camels go around with notoriously rotten dispositions because they're sweaty, thirsty and have their throats filled with hot, scratchy sand. Sending them our tons of unwanted raspberry sherbet will make everyone happy, including owners of oil tankers that currently carry no cargo on their return trips to the Middle East.

NORTH DAKOTA



North Dakota is a good example of the type of Real Estate we should be trying harder to palm off on Middle Eastern investors. After all, it's the only state in the U.S. that has been losing population steadily for 50 years because its residents want to get away from the cold. On the other hand, Arabs have no place to go where they can get away from the heat. Surely they would pay \$10,000 an acre for a cool resort area with a nice northerly breeze. Considering the size of North Dakota, that adds up to enough cash to keep us well supplied with Arab oil for several months.

vince those Middle Eastern oil billionaires that they really ought to spend their U.S. dollars on the very items we'd love to unload. Employing this "hard sell" technique, we could soon get our money back without giving up a single thing that we'd prefer to keep. MAD shows how painlessly we could balance our trade deficit with . . .



N SELL TO THE ARABS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: TOM KOCH

THE PHILADELPHIA '76 ERS



Most everyone in this country, including absolutely everybody in Philadelphia, is fed up with these hotshots for never learning to play together as a team. But think what a sensation they'd be in Kuwait, where nobody knows what a basketball team is supposed to do anyway. Add to this the snob appeal of having the only N.B.A. franchise east of Boston (or west of Seattle, if you're going the other way), and the result is a multi-million-dollar bargain that any oil rich Arab country would rush to grab, given the chance.

FIVE MILLION HOMELESS KITTENS



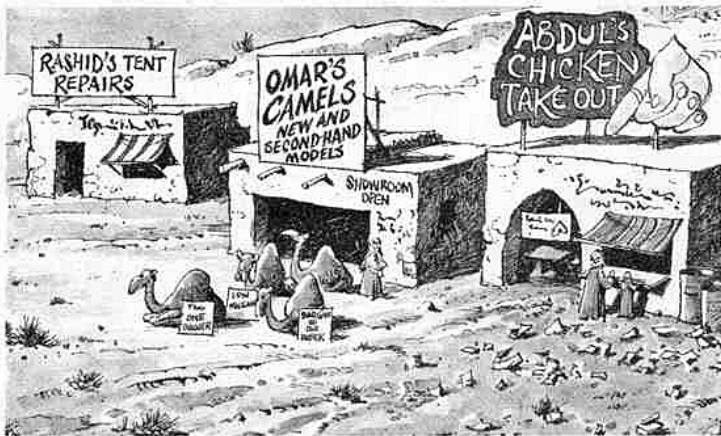
It's common knowledge among those of even marginal intelligence that the U.S. has a huge supply of unwanted kittens. But how many have considered the equally common knowledge that the whole Arab world is one gigantic mound of Kitty Litter? Surely this means that any oil rich country would willingly pay ten bucks a kitten to get its sand kicked up and rearranged as only an industrious American cat can do.

CANCELLED TV SHOWS



To squeeze some really big money out of cancelled American TV shows, we mustn't merely sell the Arabs our old filmed episodes to re-run. Instead, we should unload the whole works, including all the sets, props and costumes needed to produce completely new episodes in Arabic. "Baretta," "Police Woman," "Kojak," etc. seem like perfect shows for such a deal because there's no Arabian P.T.A. to complain about the effects of TV violence on children. In fact, there are indications that many Arab children are already violent, and that their parents want to keep them that way.

CHICKEN TAKE-OUT FRANCHISES



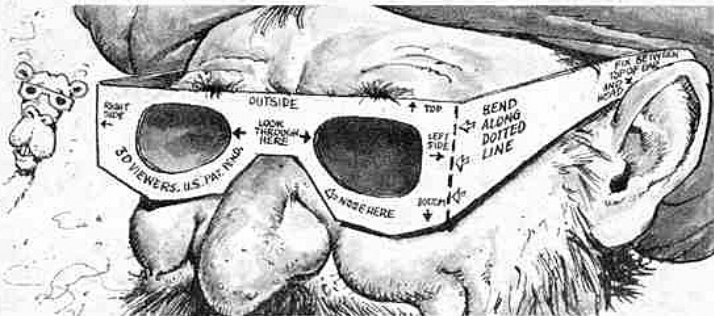
At the present time, Kentucky fried chicken restaurants are about as rare in Arabia as Arabian restaurants are in Kentucky. Clearly, this presents U.S. promoters with the opportunity to start blanketing the Middle East with their expensive franchises for foul fowl take-out joints. This might require some typical Yankee ingenuity in parts of the Arab World that have very few chickens. However, by adding just a little bit more breeding to the gook that's normally slathered on each piece, a fried Arabian buzzard should look enough like a domestic chicken to fool anyone.

HARDY CRAB GRASS SEEDLINGS



What clod could actually be conned into paying good money for crab grass? To answer that question, just check out the "lawn" in front of any Arab home located more than ten miles from the nearest water hole. Out there, owning any form of plant life that refuses to die has great snob appeal. Best of all, sales of U.S. crab grass would quickly lead to sales of U.S. lawn mowers to a part of the world where the demand for them hasn't been too brisk up to now.

OUTMODED 3-D MOVIE GLASSES



Sad to say, many Bedouin tribesmen have never owned a pair of sun glasses, even though they live in a country where eye diseases caused by glare and blowing sand are common. Equally sad to say, U.S. industry has a fortune tied up in tacky colored glasses that were made for watching the 3-D movies that flopped so horribly a few years back. Surely, it would be a lovely gesture for us to let the Arabs have those cheap glasses at a price they can afford, especially since the price they can afford is now about \$25 a pair.

JIMMY CONNORS AND ILIE NASTASE



No team representing a Middle Eastern country has ever won a Davis Cup. Presumably, this means that the Arabs would take any sort of desperate measure to win one, including the costly rental or outright purchase of Jimmy Connors and Ilie Nastase. True, Ilie Nastase is not really ours to sell, since he's technically a Roumanian . . . but let's face it: If we can find a way to get rid of him and Jimmy Connors for keeps, who's going to lift a finger to stop us?

SPOKANE'S WORLD'S FAIR SITE



In 1974, Spokane, Washington held one of the most unpublicized World's Fairs in history. Now that it's over, the exhibit buildings are even more vacant than they were when the Fair was open. However, the deserted site should prove irresistible to the Arabs who've never held a World's Fair of their own. Hopefully, they won't realize until it's too late that they either have to hold their Fair in Spokane, or figure out a way to move the fairgrounds over to Arabia.

DEFUNCT TRADING STAMPS



It is tragic to think that four independent Persian Gulf Sheikdoms still do not have their own postage stamps, just when four U.S. Trading Stamp Companies have coincidentally gone bankrupt. It is even more tragic to think that we're too dumb to sell our worthless, left-over trading stamps to the rich Arabs who need them desperately for postage stamps. Unfortunately, any Persian Gulf resident who took the time to steam 15,000 stamps off his mail could legally bring them to this country and redeem them for a toaster, but that's a problem we can face when we come to it.

BANKRUPT STOCKBROKERS' EQUIPMENT



During the last stock market debacle, many U.S. brokerage houses went out of business. Presumably, their electronic price quoting machines were all stored in closets and are now considered to be worthless. However, with rich Arabs owning more stocks in American companies than Americans do, they need these quote machines to follow their investments. Eventually, this could also lead to the sale of upper story office windows to desert tribesmen who presently lack high places to jump from when the next stock market crash occurs.

CYCLAMATE COLA



Soft drinks containing cyclamates were pulled off shelves in the U.S. after doctors reported that they caused cancer in rats. Fortunately for our new Middle Eastern export business, these doctors didn't offer one shred of proof that cyclamates cause cancer in camels, sheep, goats or donkeys. Since these are the only forms of animal life known to exist in Arabia, there's no medical or moral reason why we shouldn't ship them our surplus supply of cyclamate cola.

MERV GRIFFIN



Merv's slyly snickered "naughty jokes" would probably be considered sensational material in those parts of the Arab World where women still wear sacks over their heads when they go out in public. To assure Merv of being a hit over there, it might be better to sell him as part of a multi-million-dollar package deal that would also include Robert Goulet, the Lennon Sisters and Paul Anka. For the good of our country, we would have to learn to live without them.

INCOMPETENT TV WEATHERMEN



For years, these dimwits have garbled up weather forecasts on every TV News show from one end of America to the other. As a result, we alternate between wearing our galoshes when it's fair and getting drenched when an unpredicted hurricane strikes. Obviously, these jerks would do less damage if we exported them all to Arabia, where the weather has been the same every day for the past century. Just teach them to say, "Fair . . . and continued hot!" in Arabic, and they'll be adequately prepared for their new assignments.

EGG TIMER GLASS



Although the Arabs haven't realized it yet, oil is not the only natural resource they have that's ripe for worldwide exploitation. They also have sand. As those of us in more technologically advanced countries know, sand is the ideal substance for filling egg timers. But, without U.S. glass to hold the sand, the Arabs have a rather slim chance of cornering the world egg timer market. So it doesn't take a genius to see that this one item alone could help balance our entire trade deficit with the oil producing countries.

SHAMEFUL FOOTBALL LETTER SWEATERS



It's traditional for American Universities to present letter sweaters to members of their varsity football squads. It's equally traditional for athletes who play at schools with crummy teams to hide their sweaters away, and seldom wear them in public. This seems like a terrible waste . . . especially since the potential Arab buyers of these letter sweaters need never know that such initials as "N" and "V" and "S" actually stand for such shameful and embarrassing words as "Northwestern" and "Vanderbilt" and "Syracuse."

DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREES



Most Americans assume that nothing presents a more unpleasant sight than those old dried-out Christmas trees that we throw out right after the holidays. However, we never stop to think that Arabs living in the desert don't even know what a healthy tree is supposed to look like. Upshot: We miss a great chance to sell millions of dead trees every January, and the Arabs miss a great chance to stick them all in the ground and create their first National Forest.



A ROLLING STALLONE GATHERS MORE GROSS DEPT.

Remember not too long ago when rotten people were the heroes of American movies? Amoral guys like motorcycle riders and fat, boozy, middle-aged guys who gunned down teenagers? Then, a few years back, along came a Boxer named "Rocky," and everything changed! Suddenly, as in the glorious films of the past, the average movie-goer found things in "Rocky" that he could *really identify* with: decency, honesty, stupidity! Anyway, the picture made over 50 million dollars, and suddenly the studio found something *it* could identify with: greed! So it made a sequel! Well, we did our version of the original movie in MAD #194 . . . and being just as greedy, we've made a sequel version of the sequel. Get ready for . . .

ROCK

How come I get the feeling that I've seen this fight before? ! ?

That's because you **HAVE** seen it before, stupid! It's the last scene of the original movie! It's used to introduce the sequel!

You can **DO** it, Rockhead! You're gonna be **CHAMP!** !

YOU'RE cheering for a guy who lost a fight we already saw . . . and I'M stupid? ?

Hey . . . look at Rockhead! He's got a dumb, glassy look on his face! How long can he go on like this? !

Probably another 50 years! He looked like that **BEFORE** the fight started!

Isn't this absolutely incredible? ! Rockhead is **STILL ON HIS FEET!** !

Yeah!! **NOBODY** stays up **THIS LATE** in Philadelphia!



Hey, you're doin' great, Rockhead! But . . . say d' woid an' I'll stop the fight!

It's really fantastic! A poor unknown bum, almost going the distance with the Champ!

He don't look so poor to me!

Well, look again! His Trainer is about to throw in a **PAPER TOWEL!** !

I **LOVE** you, Rockhead! I **LOVE** you!

Hey, who's that?

It's Atrium, his girl-friend! It's the old story all over again: "**Beauty and the Beast**"!

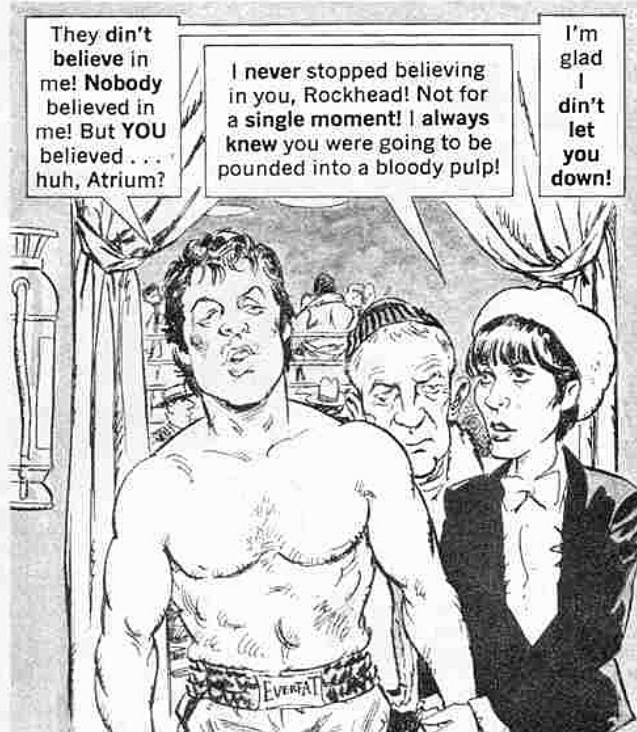
Ahh, she don't look **THAT** bad!

You call this a **FIGHT**? It's **DISGUSTING!** **STOP** it! ! It's too **VIOLENT!** Too **BRUTAL!** Too **BLOODY!** !

Shaddup, you lousy Pinko! It's people like you who wanna destroy the American Way of Life!



KHEAD II



They don't believe in me! Nobody believed in me! But YOU believed ... huh, Atrium?

I never stopped believing in you, Rockhead! Not for a single moment! I always knew you were going to be pounded into a bloody pulp!

I'm glad I didn't let you down!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES



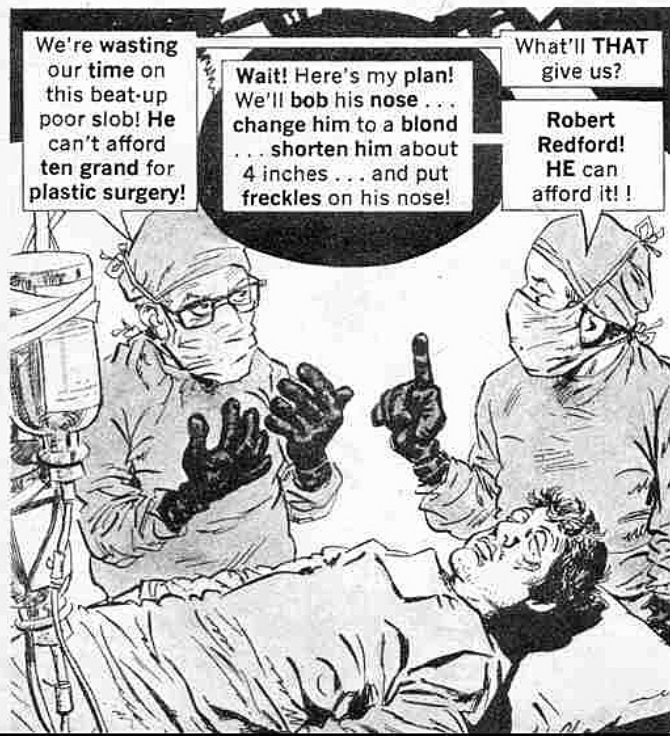
I bet I look disgusting! I bet the sight of my face an' ears makes you sick ... right?

Look ... when you love somebody, you love a **WHOLE PERSON!** The last thing I think about is your face and your ears! Now, stop being so sensitive! When you're feeling better, I'm going to cook you a nice homemade meal!

Like what? ?

How about some **chopped meat and cauliflower** —Whoops! !

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

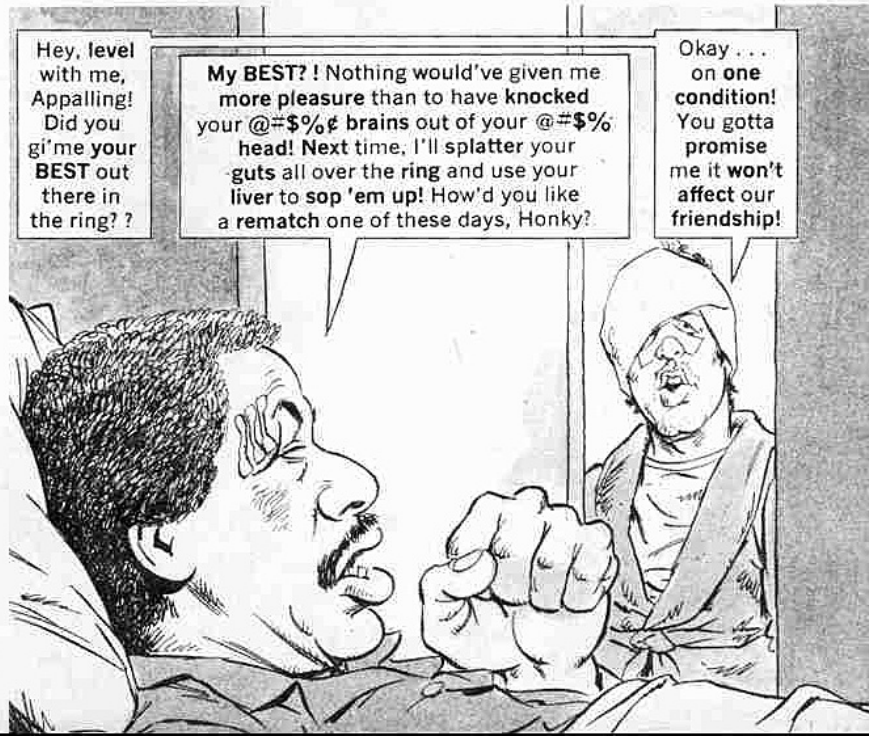


We're wasting our time on this beat-up poor slob! He can't afford ten grand for plastic surgery!

Wait! Here's my plan! We'll bob his nose ... change him to a blond ... shorten him about 4 inches ... and put freckles on his nose!

What'll THAT give us?

Robert Redford! HE can afford it! !



Hey, level with me, Appalling! Did you gi'me your **BEST** out there in the ring? ?

My BEST? ! Nothing would've given me more pleasure than to have knocked your @\$%& brains out of your @\$% head! Next time, I'll splatter your guts all over the ring and use your liver to sop 'em up! How'd you like a rematch one of these days, Honky?

Okay ... on **one** condition! You gotta promise me it **won't** affect our friendship!



Atrium, I—I don't express myself too good! But right now, as I walk with you, I got like a burning feeling deep in my heart, and I'm all mixed up inside! Could you ... ? Would you—

Oh, Rock-head, you poor silly fool! Of course I'll marry you!

Actually, I just wanted to borrow a "Rolaid"! But, well, okay ...



... I now pronounce you "Man and Wife"! You may kiss the bride ...

I know I ain't been too smart, but I'm improving, right? I didn't get lost on the way to the Church, and I remembered the ring, right! So—Hey, when do you think you're gonna get rid of this terrible skin condition you suddenly came down with?

As soon as you lift my veil! !

Darn! An' I was doin' so well there for a while!



Honey, now that we're married, what's the very first thing you want me to do with my fight money ... ?

A CAR might not be a bad idea!



Wow! A new car—house—clothes! I keep forgetting I'm married to Rockhead Balbobo! !

Hey, baby, it's our first wedding anniversary! Let's celebrate! Wha'd'ya say you put on your mink coat, and then we feed the goldfish and take out the garbage? ?

But NOW I remember! !



Darling ... I got news! Soon, there's going to be the patter of little feet around the house!

You mean we—we're gonna have a baby?

No ... Shortly Muldoon, from the Finance Company, is coming around to repossess the car!

Okay! Okay! I can take a hint! I'll get a job! !

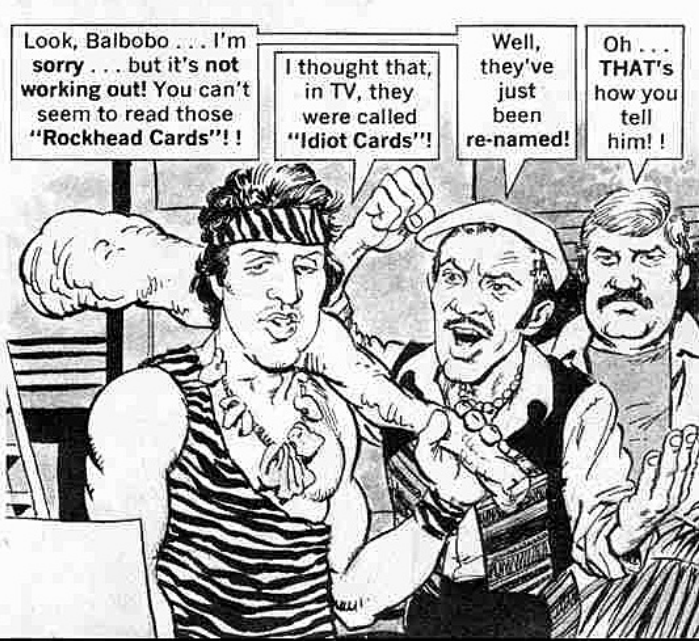


"HE-MAN AFTER SHAVE" commercial! Take Twenty-Seven ... ! "ACTION! !

Hi-there-I-always use-He-Man-After-Shave-Lotion-It makes-me-smell-hell ... I mean—swell—well ... I mean—smell—swell!

CUT! I thought I told you to fire him! !

I tried! But how do you tell a guy he's not bright enough to play a CAVEMAN! ?



Look, Balbobo ... I'm sorry ... but it's not working out! You can't seem to read those "Rockhead Cards"! !

I thought that, in TV, they were called "Idiot Cards"! !

Well, they've just been re-named!

Oh ... THAT's how you tell him! !

See? Sneaky little things like that!! I just gotta fight him again! I just gotta!!

Fighting! That's all you ever think about! you haven't thought of ME in weeks! What kind of marriage IS this?! **FORGET** about boxing!!

Are you asking me to **STOP** being a **MAN**?! I'm asking you to **START** being one!

Not tonight! I've got a headache! **YOU!!**

We gotta build up your stamina! If you can catch a chicken, then you'll be in terrific shape!

Pant-pant... C'mon, Nicky, gi'me a break! Cough... gasp... Can't we start off with something **EASIER**??

Like what?? Like a turtle, maybe?!



Rockhead, guess what?! There's gonna be a little visitor running around your house any minute now!

Tell Shorty Muldoon he **ALREADY** **TOOK** my car!

No, Dummy! Atrium is **HAVING** **THE** **BABY**!!

No kiddin'?! Oh, boy... I gotta get over to the hospital right away!



What is it?! What's wrong with her, Doc??

Ever since the baby was born, she's been in a coma! Her brain is functioning on a very low level, and she doesn't know what's going on around her!

Does this mean she's gonna die?!

No, people can live like that indefinitely! **YOU'VE** been doing it for over 30 years!



My Sister's been like this for days! We have to **DO** something! I got it!! Why don't you **READ** to her! Maybe that'll inspire her to wake up...

Good idea! Here goes!

"I am going to school," said Dickie Dare. On the way he met a cow! "Moo, moo," said the cow...

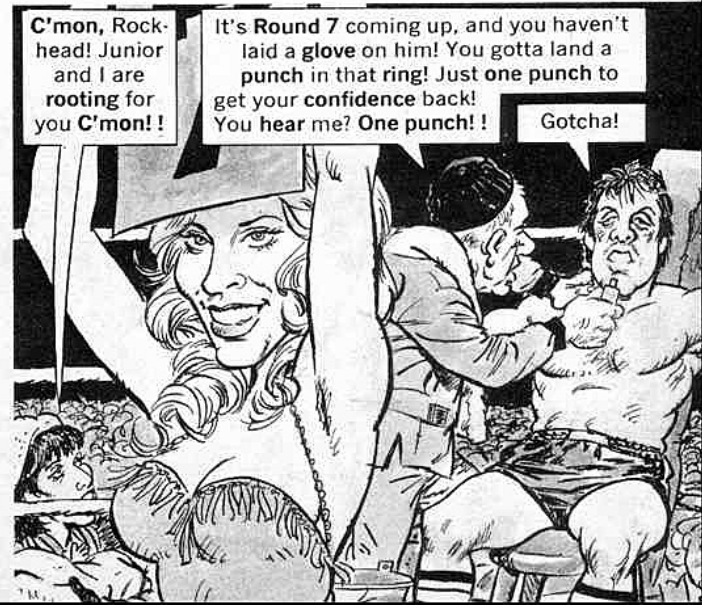
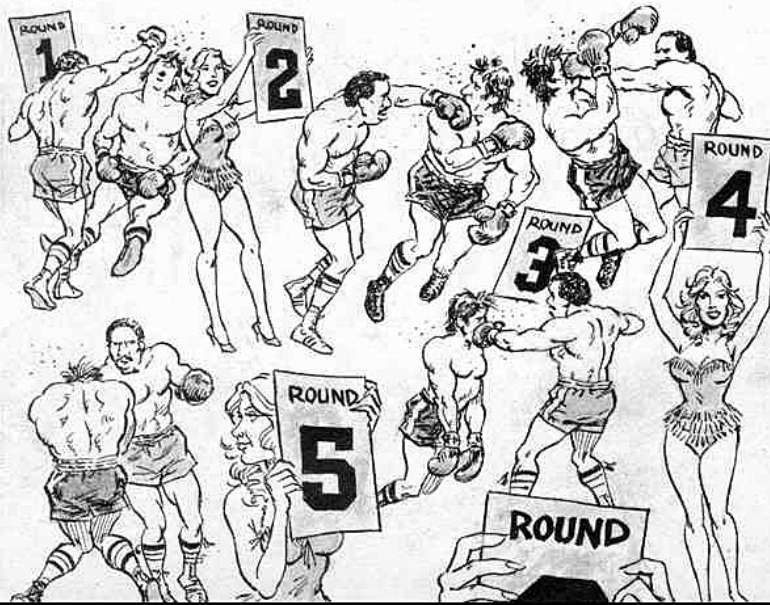
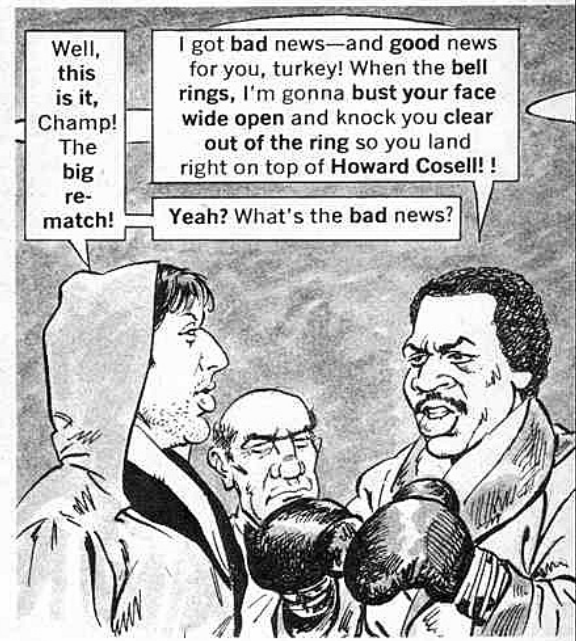
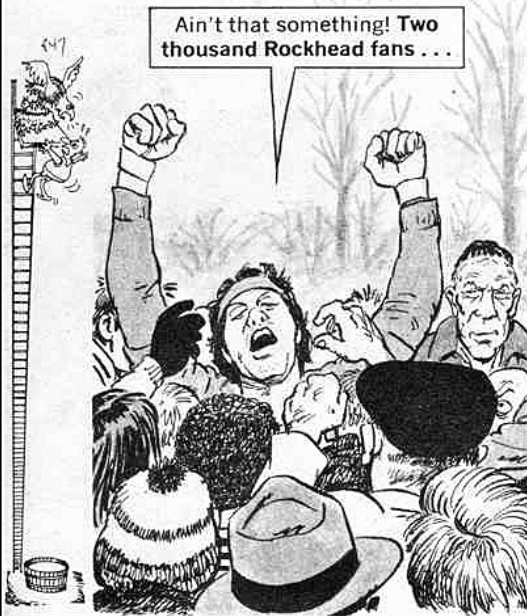
"I am going to school," said Dickie Dare. On the way he met a duck! "Quack, quack," said the duck! "I am going to school," said Dickie Dare...



On the way, he met a... **Rockhead!** It worked! It worked!! Look, she's up! She snapped out of it! She opened her eyes!!

Be with you in a minute! Just le'me see what happens with the horsie!





Well, it ain't much
but it's a start!!

Now do that
to the Champ!!



Is there a
DOCTOR in
the house??

I'M a
Doctor! Is
anybody
sick??

No, I wanna ask you a question, Doc! If real
boxers ever landed real haymakers and upper-
cuts on the jaws of Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis
and Jack Dempsey in their prime like they do
in these movie fights, how **LONG** would those
guys have **LASTED** in the ring, would you say?

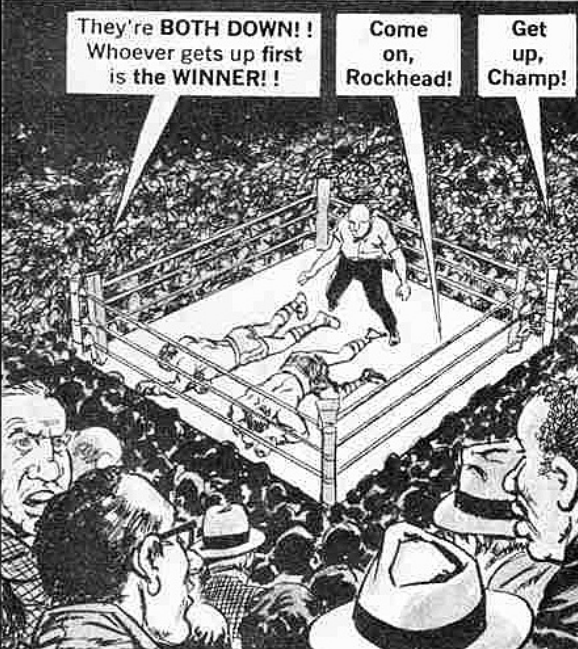
I figure about eleven seconds each!!



They're **BOTH DOWN!**!
Whoever gets up first
is the **WINNER!**!

Come
on,
Rockhead!

Get
up,
Champ!



... seven ...
... eight ...

It's too late! **NEITHER** one
of them is gonna make it!!



... nine ...
... te- ...

ROCKHEAD MADE IT!
He's **THE WINNER!**!



How'd you do
it, Rockhead?
How did you
get to your
feet before
the Champ??

Sheer courage,
grim determin-
ation ... and
mainly, I sat
on Junior's
DIAPER PIN!!



Well ... that's
it! After I do
"Rockhead III",
I'm hanging up
my gloves and
my movie career
for good!!

You mean
that's going
to be the
end of the
"Rockhead"
saga forever?

Are
you
kidding?
Why it's
practically
just
beginning!!



Take a look at "ROCKHEAD IV
... V ... and VI ...!!!"



**WHAT BIG
DISASTER
HAS
OCCURRED
ON THIS
PAGE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every day, we hear of some new threat to our way of life. But on this page, a really big disaster has taken place. To find out what it is, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

NUCLEAR SCARES ARE WITH US . . . AND WE ALL HAVE TO
FACE IT. ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE BUSY HOLD-
ING MEETINGS SO THEY CAN QUICKLY PINPOINT AND
IDENTIFY ANY POSSIBLE THREAT TO THEIR LIVING AREA!

A▶

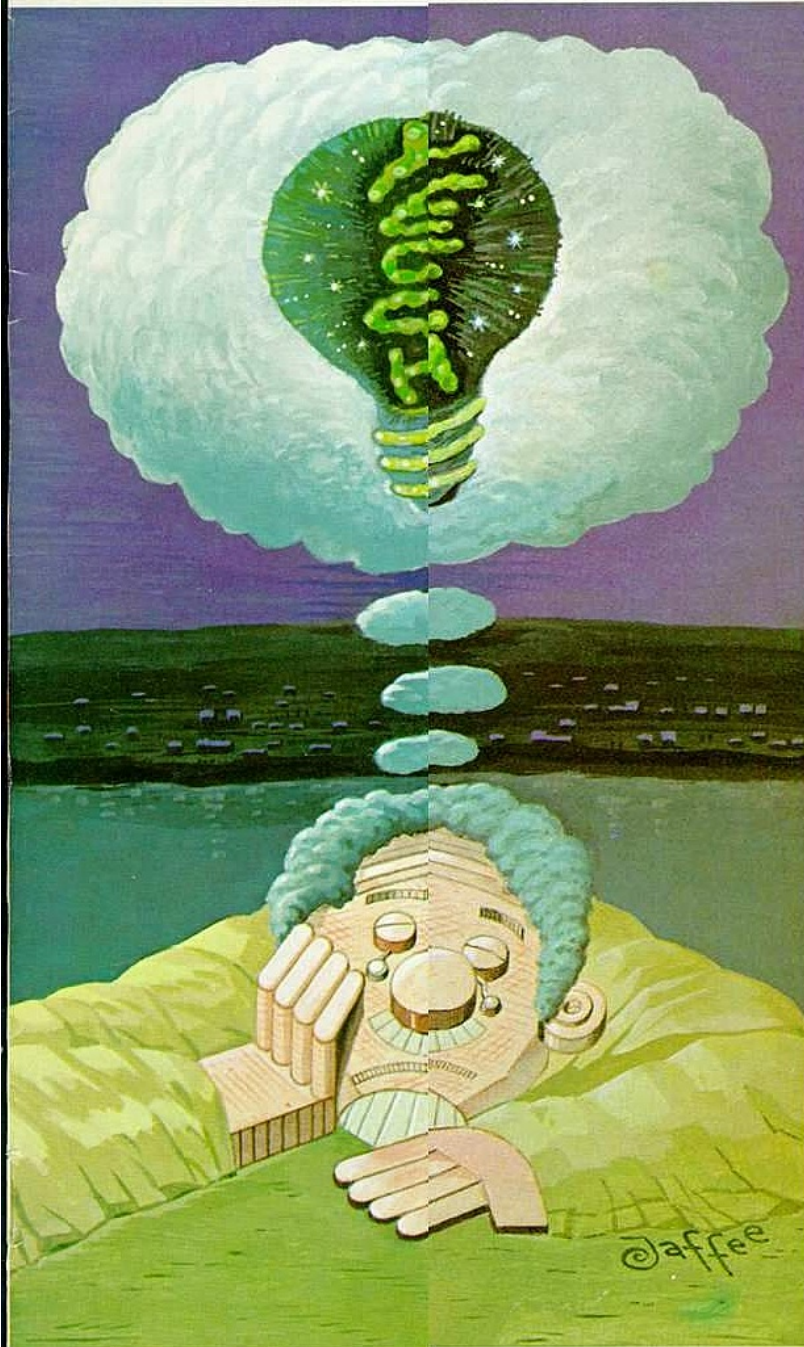
◀B

**WHAT BIG
DISASTER
HAS
OCCURRED
ON THIS
PAGE?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**NO
FOLD-
IN
IDEA!
A ▶ ◀ B**

